National Anti-Slavery Standard.

SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, EDITOR. WITHOUT CONCEALMENT...WITHOUT COMPROMISE. EDMUND QUINCY, CORRESPONDING EDITOR.

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Selections.

AN ITEM OR TWO OF "INCIDENTALS."

MESSRS. EDITORS: I noticed, a day or two since, an article in the *Journal of Commerce*, copied from a Newark paper, in which it was intimated that the cases of cruelty given in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," though perhaps authentic, could only have been produced by gleaning the darkest records of the system of Slavery for a long series of years. Permit me to give an incident or two that came under my own personal observation during a very brief stay in one of the Southern States, a winter or two since; a State, too, where the system is said to display itself in by no means its worst aspects.

I was on a hunting expedition, and about thirty miles from the town. The "rancho" where I stopped was on the lonely bank of a gloomy stream, in the heavily timbered bottom, surrounded by live oaks and towering cotton woods heavily draped with the darkly trailing moss, and miles from any other human dwelling. The proprietor of the establishment was a brawny, coarse, brutal man, from whose soul every noble and generous feeling, if such had ever existed there, seemed to have been obliterated through the combined indulgence of passion and appetite; his "accustomed beverage" was whiskey, and oaths his vernacular. He was the owner of four slaves, one of them a woman. During the three days I spent there, I saw no smile, nor gleam of happiness or hope on the countenances of those poor creatures, but one changeless look of sullen, black despair. The only reign they appeared to know was a reign of terror. Even the little child that crept silently out of their cabin and about the yard seemed never to have learned that there was such a thing in the world to which he had been doomed as joy. Observing that the poor woman was scarcely able to move about, we inquired the reason, and received the following reply: that the day before she had accidentally broken the spout of a cast-iron teakettle, and for this had been most cruelly beaten. "She won't break another though," said the monster to whose tender mercies God had mysteriously intrusted that, his desolate creature, "for I gave her the d——dst flogging that ever one nigger had." The poor creature was a woman in a Christian land.

As we sat by his log fire in the evening, our host told us of a case that had lately occurred on a plantation just across the prairie. An old man, who had been a fireman upon one of the boats on the Mississippi, had become worn out and been sold, and had reached that final scene, "the plantation." Possessing a vein of genuine wit, and having been long employed to make sport for others through his shrewd remarks, he had contracted the habit of great talkativeness. Upon the plantation, no "noise" being allowed, this habit of his had to be broken up. Other means having proved unavailing, the lash was resorted to, and, failing in the first application to effect a cure, had been applied most fearfully a second time, and, at the close, mingled gunpowder and vinegar rubbed into his lacerated, quivering flesh. In despair the poor wretch had wandered out into the prairie, and there, in his desolation and loneliness, had perished of his wounds and the cold. All this had occurred a few days before the time of the narration. That poor creature had a human heart, and this is a Christian land. "I tell you," said our Legree, in conclusion, "if you're going to break a nigger, you've got to take him when he's young." Yes, he who has once learned that he is a man, can never forget the lesson.

Disgusted and sick at the brutality and loathsome coarseness of this human ogre, I stepped out of the cabin and stood alone on the river bank. The dark stream was flowing beneath me; the dense and gloomy swamp-forests were standing around me; all was sad, and rayless, and hopeless. Never shall I forget my emotions as I stood there in silence and alone, and asked why a just God should permit such things to be. The burning prairie just over the tree tops on one side of me was rolling up its lurid volumes of smoke and flame, while in the opposite heavens the stars were quietly shedding their silvery light; and the constellations ascending the skies as peacefully and joyously as though there were no sorrow or suffering on earth. I remembered that a day was coming of vengeance and fire, and that above the stars sat a Being who regarded from heaven the lowliest of His creatures, and beheld "the tears of such as were oppressed and had no comforter," and I looked forward exultingly from that lonely scene of sorrow and sighing to that day when God should right all wrong, and pour an awful radiance over all his dark providences in this world. "When he maketh inquisition for blood, he remembereth them; he forgetteth not the cry of the humble."

I afterwards inquired of an intelligent gentleman, with reference to these cases, if there were no laws against such cruelty. "Yes," was the reply, "there are statutes against it, but they are a dead letter, for one planter doesn't like to interfere with the concerns of his fellow planter, and the 'property' consideration is the only one of any practical avail. If a man kills his own nigger, it is his own loss, and he cannot afford to be cruel."

I take no pleasure in narrating these circumstances. They are not given as examples of the ordinary working of the system. Such acts would be condemned by the great mass of slaveholders themselves, as utterly and indignantly as by any men on earth; they are the blood-spots on the garment. But they show what the system *admits* of—what in fact, the *system* is. No power on earth can preserve the slave from falling into the power of such masters—and then how desolate his condition! Alone on the plantation or in the swamp, no eye beholds his sufferings, no ear hears his groanings. God alone takes cognizance of his wrongs, but of Him, his merciful Father in heaven, the poor creature knows nothing. The wretch that rules him is his only God, and he only knows to quail beneath the eye that glares on him. It is vain to attempt to ignore the truth in relation to the system of American Slavery, that system which places one human being at the sole mercy of his fellow, with no protection and no hope this side the bar of God. Let him who can believe that with a just God above us, it is to abide forever.

Another instance that came under my observation was of an entirely different character, but scarcely less affecting. A tall, proudly-formed, noble-looking African had been torn from his home and brought across the waters. They told me he had been a chief in his own country, and accustomed to receive all attention and honours from his tribe. He still bore the marks of the royal tatoo upon his face. His manner was gentle and mild. He was unable to converse with any one about him, but with a kind master lived pleasantly, and was treated with tenderness. His spirit had been broken by his sufferings and he was as quiet as a child. I inquired if he was always thus, and was told in reply, "Always, *except when he thought of his home, and that made him crazy.*" All else had perished, pride, and strength, and hope; but the undying affections of his human heart had outlived all and were throbbing in his bosom still. Love is stronger than death!

I stood beside him in the garden one day, as he plied the spade, talking the while to himself in his own strange dialect, the tongue of his childhood and his home, and tried to go back with him in imagination to the spot where he had learned it. There beside the "living freshness" of some one of Afric's "sweet fountains," underneath the foliage of some one of its green and fragrant groves, had stood his cottage, his home. There, "a prince among his tribe," he had received their homage. There, as the mild shades of evening closed the day, he had fondly passed the hours with his wife beside him and his children around him. Now torn from them by ruthless hands, afar in a land of strangers, how sadly and tenderly might his thoughts go back; how tearfully would memory awake the past. Well might he weep, well might he plead for freedom and return.

"My wife the long, long day,
Weeps by the cocoa-tree,
And my young children leave their play,
And ask in vain for me."

As I stood there gazing in silence on him, such busy thoughts thronging my mind, the tears came to my eyes as I reflected that he must die far away from all he loved; that "by the cocoa shade" his wife should wait for him in vain—and weary with watching, finally sink down in like despair. What would I not have given could I have taken him back to her once more, and once again gathered his children about him at the door of his own beautiful home! They will meet again at the bar of God, and He who sitteth there will deal with them in mercy.

—*The (N. Y.) Independent.* VIATOR.

A REPENTANT SINNER.

RICHARD BUSTEED, Esq., Attorney, who lately achieved an unenviable notoriety by his share in the slave case of Rees *vs.* Preston, has addressed to *The Evening Post* an account of his agency in the purchase of Preston from his alleged owner, and his restoration to freedom and his family in this City. That account we transfer, unasked, to our columns, in order that our readers may see in his very words the evidence of this person's shame and repentance. Even admitting his own statements to be true, and leaving out of sight the facts that induce a contrary conclusion, there is nothing in this case, except it be its last act, which can redound to Busteed's credit. Admitting that he had nothing to do in the outrage of arresting Preston on a false charge, and of confining him in prison without any warrant, the disgraceful circumstances attending the examination, the refusal to compel important witnesses to answer, and the final hurrying off of the man without hearing the evidence in his defence, certainly constitute a violation of all ideas of right and justice, sufficient to mark with an ineradicable brand the brutality of the lawyer who could urge, and the imbecility of the magistrate who could perform it.

But we do not wish to recur to that portion of this drama. We are content to allow Mr. Busteed the benefit of the expiation he has made—certainly a very profitable one to his client. It is enough that the man who could write as he does about discharging his attorney's oath and executing the law, at the same time that he was outraging every legal principle that protects liberty—it is enough that he is impelled, whether by conscience or by public opinion, to undo his work and rescue the alleged slave. In view of that fact let the bygone be bygone. We understand, however, that in bringing back Preston this scrupulous guardian of the law has taken care that he should execute a release of Martin, the policeman who made the kidnapping arrest, from all claims for damages on the ground of false imprisonment. This certainly indicates a most tender care for the rights of Preston as well as for justice in the abstract. Knowing that Preston had suffered a villainous outrage, and that its author could now be made to repair the wrong by a suit at law, Mr. Busteed steps in to protect the malefactor, and bar the victim of his legal and just remedy. If Mr. Busteed had no hand in Martin's act, why this avidity to shield it from punishment? Fortunately for the public, however, he could not compound to save Martin from a criminal prosecution. That matter still comes within the cognizance of a Grand Jury, and we trust that the kidnapper may yet receive an award which will teach the sworn officers of the law that the business of man-stealing is one which they at least had better let alone.

One thing seems to be demonstrated by this repentance of Mr. Busteed's; that is, that hereafter the slave-hunters in this community will have to resort to a still lower stratum of lawyers for their tools. They were badly reduced before, but now no attorney whose aspirations range much above straw-bail cases at the Tombs will be found engaged in the endeavour to reduce a freeman into bondage. Even the shadow of respectability shrinks from slave-catching.—*New York Tribune.*

THE PURCHASE OF PRESTON.

To the Editors of the Evening Post:

Will you allow me room in your columns for the purpose of making a statement respecting the funds received by me to toward the purchase of Horace Preston, recently a slave belonging to William Reese, Esq., of Baltimore? My stewardship being ended, I wish to render an account of the moneys that have been placed in my hands for disbursement, and to announce the success of the enterprise for which they were given.

On Monday evening, the 10th inst., I left New York for Baltimore, together with my friend Mr. Stout, and on Saturday evening, the 15th inst., arrived here, accompanied by Preston, with the deed of his manumission in my possession, whom I had the happiness to deliver up to his anxious wife, who was in waiting for him at Jersey City.

The amount required for the purchase of Preston was $1,100, and some additional forty dollars—the expenses incurred in getting him from Baltimore. Of this sum, Gerard Hallock, Esq. handed me $366; Andrew V. Stout, Esq., gave $275, the proceeds of his collections. From E. D. Culver, Esq., one of the counsel for Preston upon the hearing before the Commissioner, I received $25, and the wife of Preston gave me $27—making in all the sum of $663. The balance of the money I collected (from the sources herein after stated), or became personally liable for, to Mr. Reese. In my collections I was materially assisted by Richard S. Emmet, Esq., who is entitled to much of the credit, and who, in his practice and personal exertions, vigorously aided in the accomplishment of the project.

As many of the gentlemen who subscribed for the purpose required that they should not be publicly advertised as donors, I shall have to content myself with giving the initials of their names, as follows: R. E. $25; R. S. E. $25; R. E. Jr. $25; W. G. H. $25; A. L. R. $5; J. N. W. $5; J. S. $5; R. H. B. $10; a Friend $1; F. H. $5; J. B. S. $5; H. Brothers $5; J. T. W. $5; G. T. D. $5; J. P. $5; W. M. E. $10; J. E. B. $5; T. O. L. L. R. $5; H. H. W. $10; N. T. C. $10; W. V. McD. $5; Mrs. S. $5; A. & Co. $5; Mr. C. $1; E. H. B. $5; Dr. M. $2; Cash $1; J. R. W. $5; H. E. D. $6; S. L. H. W. $5; R. G. $5; R. M. H. $5; C. S. $5; T. C. $5; P. B. $5; J. W. C. $5; C. O. H. $5; R. N. H. $5; J. B. T. $5; J. B. H. $5; W. M. V. $5; N. S. $5; McC. & Co. $5; J. S. $5; T. V. $5; W. B. $5; J. N. G. $5; J. H. R. $5; A. M. $5; J. W. B. $5; J. W. H. $5; H. C. $5; J. H. R. Jr. $5; G. A. S. $10; R. J. T. $5; F. S. L. $5; M. H. G. $20—making actually received by me the sum of $385, and leaving some $14 or $16 on my list pledged, but not yet collected.

I cannot part from this subject without tendering to Mr. Hallock, of *The Journal of Commerce*, my thanks for his generous sympathy and exertions in behalf of the common object; nor can I finally leave it until I say, that the account of the arrest of Preston, as given in *The New York Tribune*, of April 2, 1852, so far as regards the connection of my name with that account, is a fabrication from beginning to end—the most wholesale, heartless, unprovoked, and cowardly libel that was ever written and printed of one man by another. Less than this I cannot say, in common justice to myself, and consistently with the good estimation in which my friends are kind enough to hold me. More than this, in denunciation of that wanton attack upon my name and fame, I might say, and be justified in saying, alike by my own sense of the wrong done or attempted to be done to me, and by the estimate in which such an assault by the conductor of a public journal upon a private citizen must ever be, and is, held by all thinking men, however they may differ or coincide upon the moot subject—more than this I might say, and be justified in saying, in view of the disingenuous remarks with which the retraction of that libel was accompanied in *The Tribune* of the 3d of April, 1852, in the editor's comments upon the denial, over my own signature, of the falsehoods contained in the article of the 2d of April.

But I forbear for two reasons—first, because I cannot, even at this distance of time, calmly contemplate the gross calumny without giving expression to my contempt of it in terms that would be intemperate, and secondly, because *it may be* that the Editor of *The Tribune* is honest *though* erratic and unreliable, or at least his patrons and subscribers may think him sincere; and I do not care to harm him, if the power to do so were within my reach, greatly preferring that he should enjoy alone all the advantage and honour arising from either a disposition or an effort to do a gratuitous injury, whether prompted thereto by motives of inherent malice, or a more innocent ambition to be quaint.

I dismiss the whole matter of the reclamation of Preston, feeling that I have but performed a plain duty, to the fearless discharge of which I was bound by the constraints of good citizenship, and by the relation in which I stood to the claimant, my client. And in the matter of any exertion I have made toward securing the freedom of Preston, I desire no other commendation than that self-approval which instinctively but surely grows up to every man, from the consciousness of having done unto others what we would wish that they should do unto us.

RICHARD BUSTEED.

New York, May 22, 1852.

WORKINGS OF THE FUGITIVE LAW.

WE give the following, as related to us, and hope that the knowledge of such cases may be spread far and wide, that the American people may be made to understand the real character of the law which we are called upon to support, under threats of prosecution for treason and death.

Some years since, a slaveholder held a mulatto woman as a slave. This woman was his own daughter. Familiarity with the system had not obliterated all traces of human feeling in his bosom, and he desired that his daughter should be made free. Years passed on, and she became a wife after the slave-law fashion, and the mother of children. For the purpose of attaining his cherished object, the mother and the children were sent into Ohio, where, of course, they became free by Ohio law, as having been sent there for the purpose by the master. One of these children—a daughter—was at the time *but eighteen months old.*

The slaveholder died; and his wife, as was stated, in the settlement of the estate, paid thirteen hundred dollars as a compensation for these slaves who had been sent away. This woman also died; and no legal evidence of the transaction remained. The children of the woman sent into Ohio grew up into womanhood, and were married. The little one, who was only eighteen months old when she came to Ohio, has been a resident of Cincinnati *for fifteen years*, living as unsuspecting of danger as any woman of our city. She is nearly white—it requiring a practised eye to detect her colour—is the mother of two children; and she, with her family, were pleasantly situated, with the comforts and conveniences of life around them.

A few days since, a messenger from a distant spot was sent to them in breathless haste. His tidings were, that the heirs of *the father of this woman's mother* had made a claim to all the children of the woman sent into Ohio, so many years ago, and, of course, *to their children also*, and that it was supposed that a warrant was already in the city for the seizure of the woman and her children here, while the other branches of the family had just been hurried away for the North.

Consternation seized this household. True, the woman was legally free; but once in the grasp of the slaveholder, she knew that nothing could save her. Not a moment was to be lost. The officers were probably already on her track.

As the only resource, she, with her babes, were hurried instantly from their home, and, with such comforts as could be hurriedly gathered, she bid her husband farewell (he could not at the time accompany her), left her pleasant home to desolation, and fled to Canada, where, thanks to the Great Protector of the oppressed, and to the humane policy of the British Government, she is safe.

This is the operation of the law, against which it is treason to speak—the law which government divines support from the pulpit; and this law is the creature of that system of outrage which finds its most secure resting-spot in the bosom of the Church.

The list of such shocking transactions swells with fearful rapidity upon the records of God. Each day, in some parts of our (free?) North, human rights are thus stricken down, and free American homes are broken up, and given to desolation, woe, and tears. Who is responsible? Fellow-Christian, do you belong to a Church which sanctions Slavery by its fellowship and communion with the slaveholder? If so, "Thou art the man!" for without the support which slaveholding thus receives, this law could never have been enacted, nor could it remain to disgrace our statute-book, if *each Christian* would do his duty, and withdraw his *own* sanction, and throw his *whole* influence where it would tell against oppression.—*Free Missionary.*

BEAUTIES OF SLAVERY.

WE give, below, three items illustrative of the spirit of Slavery. Being essentially oppressive in itself, it requires oppressive enactments to protect it against the opposite principle. The first extract is as follows:

"*Emancipation of Slaves in Louisiana.*—A law has been passed by the Louisiana Legislature, to take effect in six months from its passage, which prohibits the emancipation of slaves in that State, except upon the express condition that they shall be sent out of the United States within twelve months, and requiring the payment of $150, to be deposited in the treasury, for each slave, to be applied in payment of his passage to Africa, and support after arrival."

Here are the most slavish shackles and onerous tax put upon the exercise of benevolence prompted by an enlightened conscience. Even the master himself is no longer a freeman in Louisiana. The following we clip from a Baltimore paper:

"*Free negroes in Virgina.*—In the Virginia House of Delegates, on Tuesday, Mr. Brown from the Special Committee on the subject, reported a bill, the subject of which is as follows:

This bill provides for the appointment of 'overseers of free negroes and mulattoes'—their number and districts to correspond with that of the Revenue in each county, &c. It shall be their duty to hire the free negroes and mulattoes of their districts to the highest bidder at public auction; the amount so raised to constitute a fund to detray the expenses of the gradual transportation of said free negroes, &c., to the place or the country of their own selection. Between the free negro or mulatto and the owner or hirer of either under this act, the relation of 'master and servant' is established. All free negroes and mulattoes above the age of — years shall have the privilege of remaining in the Commonwealth. On the first of January, 1858, such free negroes or mulattoes as remain in any of said districts, shall be sold into Slavery at public auction, unless they select their owners. The said overseers shall receive as compensation 5 per cent. on all amounts collected and accounted for by them."

We talk about the tyranny of the Czar, of the Emperor of Austria, and of that infamous butcher, Ferdinand of Naples; but we would search in vain through their archives or their dominions, to find such oppression and injustice as is proposed in this abominable bill. How horribly demoralizing must be that system which can bring man to the commission of such outrages as are here proposed! The heart sickens at the contemplation of such atrocious wrong, and the more when we remember that we are bound up in indissoluble compact with the perpetrators. But we have not done yet. Here is another from the *Baltimore American*, which shows us that the free coloured people of Maryland are likely to be visited with as heavy oppression, and with outrage as insufferable, as their brethren of Virginia. We quote:

"*Free Coloured Population.*—We received last night from D. B. Daniels, Esq., of the House of Delegates, a copy of the bill recently reported to the House from the Committee on the Coloured population. The bill is entitled an 'Act for the government regulation, and disposition of the free coloured population of the State.' The first section provides for the ascertainment of the precise number, names, ages, and sex, of all free negroes and mulattoes in the several election districts and wards. Section fourth imposes a tax upon each free negro and mulatto—males between the ages of 18 and 45 years. In default of payment of the tax, the collector is authorized to hire the delinquent to any person who will pay the tax. Free negroes or mulattoes without regular employment, and not of good and industrious habits, may be hired out to the highest white bidder. Section 16 provides that after the passage of the Act, no slave shall be manumitted except upon the express condition of emigrating to Liberia. The last ratio provides

"That all free negroes and mullatoes who shall be born in this State, after the first day of January, eighteen hundred and fifty-five, shall, upon their arrival at the age of twenty one years, be compelled to emigrate to Liberia, in Africa, or upon their remaining within the State for more than twelve months thereafter (unless in the hands of the Maryland State Colonisation Society), shall, upon proof thereof, before the Circuit Court of any county, or the Criminal Court of Baltimore city, be ordered by the Judge thereof to be sold as slaves for a term of not less than five nor more than ten years, and the proceeds thereof shall be applied to the Colonisation fund of said county or city."

Upon this last extract, we shall simply remark, that if Colonisation is to be supported in this way, and its treasury replenished from the proceeds of an arbitrary and unjust tax, and what is worse, from the proceeds of the sale of free men and women into Slavery—ostensibly for periods of five or ten years, but really for life—northern men will be constrained to consider whether it is their duty any longer to give it their countenance or aid.

As American citizens, we enter a solemn protest against all these measures. Perhaps it may be said that we have nothing to do with them: but we only say what the common sense of every sane man will confirm, when we reply, that we have much to do with them. We are confederated with these States, and share in the criminality and infamy of their deeds so long as we suffer that connection to exist. Our relation to them is such that if they eat sour grapes, our teeth will be set on edge. A few months ago, our ears were saluted with loud and insolent threats, uttered even in the halls of Congress, that if we did not do so and so, the South would dissolve the Union. Have we not a thousand times more reason to utter a similar threat if what is proposed in the Legislatures of Virginia and Maryland shall be enacted into laws? We tell the people of the North that if they suffer their Southern confederates to trample a poor, unfortunate class into the dust, as they propose to do, their turn will come next. They may laugh at such fears; but call to mind the fact that we have been fighting for months to prevent the application of the gag to our own lips, and then perhaps they will agree that it is no laughing matter. We have long been tampering with the evil, and trying to soothe it and coax it; but at the last, it is fearfully apparent that we have yet got to grapple with it in deadly conflict, or else cut loose from it and let it go. We have been trying to patch up a truce, and crying peace, peace; but it is painfully manifest that there can be no more peace until either Liberty or Slavery expires.—*Pittsburg Gazette.*

THE LATE FUGITIVE SLAVE CASE.

WE give the following extract of a letter which we find in the *Pennsylvanian* of last Saturday, the 29th instant, and we unhesitatingly declare the statement to be a deliberate tissue of falsehoods, from beginning to end; with the single exception of the *indefatigable* and *persevering* efforts of the distinguished individual who holds the *honourable* title of United States Commissioner under the Fugitive Slave Law.

There were at least twenty-five or thirty of our citizens, to speak within bounds, who were inside of the Commissioner's office, who heard the testimony given, and witnessed the summary proceedings in all its bearings, and we defy the Commissioner or any of his *satraps*, to refute under affidavit, the correctness of the report which we gave to our readers last week. We further pronounce that portion of the statement which alludes to Sheriff Williams having drawn a revolver and calling out that "the first man who attempts to interfere, I will blow into eternity," to be an unmitigated falsehood, and we say this by the authority of Sheriff Williams himself. The Sheriff neither made any such remark, or had he any occasion to call a posse. He simply remarked, when the Commissioner called on him to exercise his authority, to prevent an imaginary rescue: "gentlemen, will you please make way!" and the dense crowd immediately obeyed the behest of the law. This is not the first attempt on the part of *interested* parties to present garbled statements to the public through the columns of the *Pennsylvanian*, a sheet that is recognised only as the exponent of the slave power, and detested for its mean servility by every honest man in the Commonwealth. It will *lie* to order—to any, and for any of its masters, and nothing but the hopes and aspirations of the "favourite son" has ever kept such a disgraceful sheet into a consumptive existence.

We profess to say, without any one daring to deny the truthfulness of our position, that public sentiment in Harrisburg has undergone a complete and, we hope to God, a lasting change against the manner in which these cases are adjudicated. The people of the capitol are disposed to obey the law—and will—but they look with abhorrence on the arbitrary proceeding of a judicial officer, who has not tempered justice with mercy, and who apparently acts, in a majority of such cases, in the two-fold capacity of Judge and Counsel for the claimants. The fling made at *white* allies, we leave to the people themselves to resent. Our citizens have not lost all the finer feelings of their nature, and we hope they will be prompt to repel the cowardly assault upon their integrity, through a public meeting at the Court House. They do not want an organized system of kidnapping to spring up, growing out of the Fugitive Slave Law, which many are opposed to as unconstitutional, but while that law is the law of the land, they demand the most enlarged opportunities for the claimant and alleged fugitive for an impartial hearing, involving, as it does, a life time of Slavery or of freedom. To this end, all good citizens will join, and none more so than we, who have frowned down these repeated attempts to overstep the original intention of the law. We give the insulting letter signed *Justice*, and pray its substance may sink deep into the minds of our citizens.—*Am. Standard (Harrisburg Pa.) and Independent Free Press.*

INTERESTING SLAVE CASE.

HARRISBURG, May 27.

Considerable excitement was created in this now dull community—the Legislature having adjourned a few days since—by the arrest of a negro named Jim Phillips, claimed by Henry T. Fant, of Fauquier county, in the State of Virginia, as a fugitive from service and labour. He was taken into custody by the officers of the U. S. Commissioner, R. McAllister, Esq., the *indefatigable* and *persevering* representative of the General Government, in carrying out the laws and Constitution of the country. The hearing of the facts as connected with the alleged slave, came off at the above named gentleman's office at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, when the office was instantly surrounded by a dense multitude of blacks, many Abolitionists and sympathizers. The taking of the testimony lasted about four hours. Two gentlemen from Virginia, named Augustine G. Hudson, and James H. Vowles, being examined, clearly proved that Phillips was born as a slave for life to Dennis Hudson, of Culpepper county, Va.; that he gave him to his son, William Hudson, who afterwards sold him to to H. T. Fant, the claimant as above stated, who also held him from 1833 until 1838, when he ran away from his master. Since which time he had heard nothing of him until very recently. The witnesses examined testified that they were well acquainted with Dennis and William Hudson—father and son—and likewise Mr. Fant, the present owner; and further, that from boyhood they had known the prisoner, to whose identity they swore most positively and declared that he was the slave of the claimant. A long cross-examination was gone into, but no evidence was adduced on the part of the counsel to refute the testimony of the claimant. Mordecai McKenny and C. C. Rawn appeared as counsel for Phillips, both of the Abolitionist school. The former named gentlemen summed up the evidence, after which the Commissioner delivered his decision, overruling the points raised by the prisoner's counsel, and said that a sufficient *prima facie* case had been made out for the claimant to satisfy him of all the facts material to justify him in awarding a certificate of removal. The certificate was accordingly made out and handed to the representative of the claimant, who made affidavit that he had reason to apprehend that the fugitive would be rescued by force from his possession before he could be taken beyond the limits of the State, when the Commissioner directed Henry Loyer, the officer who made the arrest, to retain the fugitive in his custody and to remove him to the State whence he fled, and there deliver him to the claimant, his agent or attorney. At the request of the officer, the Commissioner gave him a warrant of commitment, directed to the keeper of the Dauphin county Jail, commanding him to receive and safely retain this fugitive until he should be delivered in pursuance of the warrant issued by him, or other federal authority.

Immediately upon the delivery of the prisoner, an immense crowd of blacks, and their *white* allies, and other curious people, *having nothing else to do except to attend to other people's business*, assembled under the cover of night, in and around the Commissioner's office; many of whom were much excited, and evinced from their whole movements a decided disposition to attempt to rescue. The wife of the prisoner went into the Commissioner's yard and screamed, for the evident purpose of adding to the excitement and as a signal of attack.

All sorts of denunciation were thrown out against the United States Commissioner, merely because he acted according to his oath, and fulfilled his duty in carrying out the laws and the Constitution of his country. The crowd surrounded the premises of Mr. McAllister, and one burly negro exclaimed in a loud voice—"over the fence and have at them!" The ebony rascals simultaneously mounted the fence, apparently with a view to attack the premises, when the Commissioner called out in a determined voice—"Charley, I know you, and the crowd on the fence; do it at the peril of your lives!" He then addressed the mob, and called upon all good citizens to assist him in preserving the peace, and not permit their town to be disgraced by an infuriated band of negroes, and the majesty of the law to be trampled under foot.

Sheriff Williams, of this county, came promptly to the assistance of the U. S. Commissioner, and he instantly adopted, and did carry out, his measures to preserve the peace and clear the way to the jail. Great credit is due the Sheriff for the gallant and energetic manner in which he performed his duty. He drew his revolver, and said, the first man who attempts to interfere, I will blow into eternity. The Commissioner then commanded the strong posse of officers to remove their prisoner to the jail, which was promptly done and the crowd immediately dispersed.

STUPENDOUS PLOT.

WHILE so many very good people at the North sit calmly in their arm chairs, all predicting like prophets that Slavery will certainly be abolished, that system, laughing over past success, is proposing the most comprehensive schemes for its emolument and perpetuity. Having made the North stultify itself with mesmeric dreams about "settlements," it has leisure to plot ahead. We lately quoted from a Southern paper that farther acquisitions from Mexico were already in contemplation. But we have now a project proposed which throws entirely into the shade all others ever before announced. A friend at the South has sent us a pamphlet entitled:

DIRECT TRADE.—CHANCE FOR THE SOUTH.

It is written with much rhetorical ability and scientific intelligence. He speaks of the direct trade once enjoyed by the South with Europe, when the vessel's path lay down the coast of Africa and across to Charleston, S. C., instead of the Northern route now adopted, which turns direct trade into Northern ports.

But the South slept while the enterprise of the North "turned the commerce of the St. Lawrence down the Hudson, and placed the mouth of the Mississippi as much at Sandy Hook as it is at the Balize." He also alludes to the futile efforts of the South for direct trade with Europe; to the commercial eras of "line packets," and "steam packets," and to the various political measures connected with them. He then recommends the South to look the other way for its interests. "Behold," says he, "the valley of the Amazon, and the great river-basin of South America. Unexplored, there is a wilderness of treasure there." It is more than twice the size of the Mississippi valley—all intertropical—perpetual summer reigns there—the river is navigable to the very base of the Andes for the largest vessels, and a natural canal connects it with the Orinoco, which, with other tributaries, drains two millions of square miles, with an inland navigation of 70 or 80,000 miles. There is the finest climate, a rich arable soil, with all the productions kindred to those of the South. "And there, too, lying dormant, are the boundless agricultural and mineral capacities of the East and the West, all clustered together."

After thus describing that great declivity of the continent, and its commercial resources—its proximity—about 10 days by steam—its distance from European competition, &c., the writer urges his plan, viz: *to establish a line of steamers between the Amazon and our Southern ports.* "In the whole domain of our future commerce, the greatest boon for the people of the United States is in the settlement of Amazonia." "Let the South look to the South; let her, in the peaceful, Christian spirit, cultivate with Brazil the relations of friends and neighbours." The writer then comes to the great object in view, which is—to colonise the surplus slave population in the valley of the Amazon—make it a vast slave country in alliance with the South, with the line of steamers to carry on the Slave Trade, thus rendering the system here secure, and there perpetual, and giving the Slave Power the control of the two continents. Was ever a scheme of more comprehensive diabolism ever proposed on earth? And why should it not be entered upon? The slave power of Brazil would invite the fraternal alliance, the Lash and Loom of the United States would favour it, although gory with blood, and the political monkies would speedily dance to it. If the Slave Power is not disarmed by the ballots of democratic masses of the North while it is in their power to do so, who can set limits to its future infernal career? Hear this cool writer:

"There is, moreover, another point of view in which the valley of the Amazon, with the magnificent and interesting future, presents itself to the American mind.

"That valley is a slave country. The European and the Indian have been contending with its forests for 300 years, and they have made no impression. If ever the vegetation there be subdued and brought under; if ever the soil be reclaimed from the forest, the reptile and the wild beast, and subjected to the plough and the hoe, it must be done by the African with the American axe in his hand. Wherever they are found, there the African delights to dwell; and he alone is equal to the task which man has to accomplish with the axe in the valley of the Amazon.

"At the North, the spirit of emancipation has been pressing the black man down to the South. He is now confined almost upon the waters of the Gulf. In the South the same spirit has pressed him up to the North, and assigned to him the valley of the Amazon as his last resting-place on this continent. When that valley is subdued and peopled up, it is not for us to divine what will happen; it is too far away in the mists of the future for our ken. Sufficient is it for us to know that even then God, in his own wise providence will order the destinies of the black and white race to be fulfilled, whatever it may be. [Blasphemous].

"Therefore, humanely speaking and humanly perceiving, the settlement of the valley of the Amazon, its relations to this country, its bearing upon our future commerce and institutions appear to be so close, so intimate, and withal so potential, that the destiny of the United States seems to be closely connected with, and wrapped up in, and concealed by this question.

"The institution of Slavery, as it now exists in this country, fills the mind of its statesmen with anxious solicitude. What is to become of it? If abolished, how are so many people to be got rid of? If retained, how are they to be controlled? In short, when they have increased and multiplied according to the capacities of the States to hold them, what is to be done with them, whether they be bond or free?

"The 'slave' States, so called, have the black lines drawn upon them. There will soon be no more Mississippi lands to clear, no more cotton fields to subdue, and unless some means be devised of getting rid of the negro-increase, the time must come—and sooner or later it will come—when there will be an excess in these States of black people.

"The valley of the Amazon is the way; in this view, it is the safety-valve of the Union. It is slave territory and a wilderness. One among the many results of this line of steamers, is the entire suppression of the African Slave Trade with Brazil, by a substitution therefor, of a slave emigration from the United States.

"This subject opens to the imagination a vista; in it the valley of the Amazon is seen as the safety-valve of the South, and this line of steamers as a strand at least, in the cord which is to lift that valve whenever the pressure of this institution, be that when it may, shall become too powerful upon the machinery of our great ship of State.

"As in the breaking away of the storm a streak of clear sky is welcomed by the mariner whose ship has been endangered by the elements, so is this Amazonian vista to us. It is the first and the only streak of light to our mind's eye, that the future throws upon the final question of Slavery in this country."—*Portland Inquirer.*

ANTI-SLAVERY LECTURES.—Miss SALLIE HOLLEY, an agent of the American Anti-Slavery Society, and a daughter of the lamented Myron Holley, lectured to crowded and attentive audiences, at the Free Temple in this village, on Monday and Tuesday evenings. The first principles which underlie the Anti-Slavery movement, and which can not be too often repeated, were presented with fidelity and pungency. Miss Holley is an earnest and effective speaker, and has left a most favourable impression, even among that portion of our community who were before horror-stricken at the mere mention of Garrisonism and women-preaching.

It is a little singular that the meeting-houses of the Baptist and Methodist denominations were closed against Miss Holley. As they have heretofore been quite indiscriminately opened to canal meetings, temperance lectures, county fairs, travelling concerts, and other secular performances the present *exception* is "calculated to excite remark."—*Madison County (N. Y.) Journal.*

THE RESCUE CASES.

[From The (Boston) Commonwealth.]

MESSRS. WRIGHT, Scott, Coburn, and Hayden, again made their appearance in the Circuit Court, yesterday morning, and the trial of Mr. Wright was begun. It seemed like a return of old times. There were many of the faces that had become so familiar during the many and long trials which have arisen out of the Shadrach Rescue. There were Marshal Devens, who filled his office so handsomely, and came so near losing it, Deputy Marshal Riley, who, like a true friend of order, as he is, acted on the defensive rather than the offensive during the rescue, and District Attorney Lunt, who always represents the United States with so much dignity that one can easily imagine that they will soon prove themselves what Kossuth calls a power on earth. There, too, were some officials of less distinction, but whose faces were not less familiar, and who were as natural to the scene as palms are to a landscape in the tropics. The Judge, indeed, had not sat in the former cases. But even he had been seen in similar ones, and his family name is immortally connected with them.

The room itself always seems to us a foreign place. No doubt it should be otherwise, but the United States Court room in Massachusetts seems strangely away from its home. It is like a mosque in Jerusalem or a synagogue in Philadelphia. The people have but little sympathy with it, and it less with them. Its laws are felt to be somewhat different from theirs; and its politics to be frequently in diametric opposition to theirs. And in rescue cases, politics are more influential than laws, since the latter receive from the former their interpretation and force. And the feeling that the court is a fragment of some other and more despotic government, is not a little increased by the conduct of some of its inferior officials to the citizens here. They have shown too often, in their words and assertions, that they did not consider their offices dependent on the good will of the people about them.

It was a prevalent opinion that no more of these cases would ever again be tried, but that they would either be dismissed at this term or again postponed, and permitted to slide into oblivion. We did not adopt this opinion, as may be seen by a remark we made, day before yesterday, in reference to Mr. Sewall's speech on personal liberty. We knew Mr. Lunt too well to suppose that he had concluded to give up the ship. He is a model of bravery. He not only will not yield when beaten, but seems not even to have a perception of his disadvantages and reverses. Nelson said, "Madam, I never knew fear," and Mr. Lunt could as truly say, "Sir, I never knew defeat." He is by far the best occupant the United States could find for his office, and we hope he will retain it till the government shall adopt such a liberal course in the framing and administration of its laws as would disagree with Mr. Lunt's well known views of governmental policy.

The object of these trials is to make the slave power triumphant in Massachusetts. Mr. Wright clearly had nothing to do with the rescue. But if he had been the leader, who would think he had committed a crime. Hardly the ten most ignorant men in Massachusetts. He could only be supposed to have violated a law, a law which every one knows to be in opposition to all the noblest impulses of the human heart, however many may defend obedience to it as a duty from considerations of policy. And further, he could only be said to have violated a law, if that which in itself is a huge and villanous crime can be made a law by Congress, which no honest wise man will admit against another's interest, and none but a fool will admit against his own.

It is true that our country in this proceeding has the sanction of other countries and other times. There is no government on earth in which the noblest and most heroic deeds, are not the most penal. What action can be more noble than to protect the most helpless beings against the most irresistible power. The necessity for the act, the absence of all bribes, and the danger it incur

of the trial for postponing, it will be considered.

The Jurors were then ordered to be called.

Mr. Lunt moved that certain questions, put to the jurors in the former trials of this kind, should be put to each juror as he was called.

The judge explained the motion to Mr. Wright, and asked whether he had any objections?

Mr. Wright said he did not remember the questions distinctly, and would like to have them read, and they were, as follows:

1. Have you formed or expressed any opinion in the matter now to be tried?

1. Are you sensible of any prejudice or bias therein?

3. Have you formed an opinion that the law of the United States, known as the Fugitive Slave Law of 1850, is unconstitutional, so that you cannot convict a person under it for that reason, if the facts in the alleged indictment are proved, and the Court holds the statute to be constitutional?

4. Do you hold any opinions of the Fugitive Slave Law, so called, which will induce you to refuse to convict a person indicted under it, if the facts set forth in the indictment, and constituting the offence, are proved against him, and the Court direct you that the law is constitutional?

Mr. Wright objected to the last two questions. He thought it well enough that the jury should be impartial. But it is impossible to summon a set of men who have no opinion on the law applicable to the case before them. The questions of law are to be argued to them. It is my right to have a jury of men taken as they rise. Let the Government convince them, if it can, that the law should be enforced. Why should the United States ask its questions any more than I mine. The thing does not walk on all fours. It is not done in other classes of cases. It is a stretch of power unprecedented in the United Sates, and that would disgrace any court under the sun. If the men are fair to me personally, what have I to do with their opinions of law?

The Judge remarked that he did not wish to hear the District Attorney reply, that the address to the Court proceeded on an entire misapprehension of the nature of the questions. The question is whether he will convict if the facts are proved and the Court instructs him that the law is constitutional. He is only a judge of the facts. The law he must leave to the judgment of the Court.

The defendant has the same right to ask questions as the United States, and, if he wishes to ask questions applicable to his side, will certainly not be prevented.

Mr. Wright wished to have the third question made less ambiguous, so that the jurors would be less liable to misunderstand it.

The Judge replied that he would be glad to have it made so, but that there was an attempt to improve it in former trials, and it was found to have as good a form as could be suggested.

The calling of the jurors was then proceeded with, and the following was the result:

Nathaniel Adams, Mr. Steele, and William H. Foster were excused from serving on the application of Mr. Welch, Mr. Choate, and Mr. Prince, respectively.

Roland Ellis, Nelson Baker, John F. Wanston, Edward H. P. Herrick, Abraham W. Rice, Ellery Leckard, Josiah Foster, Luther Drake, Silas Dudley, and Aaron C. Cook were set aside for having scruples or having formed opinions, and the following persons were sworn as jurors:

Cheeney Hatch, Timothy Bedlington, Henry Farnum, Jonathan J. Frost, William H. Calrow, Edwin A. Paul, William O. Barrows, Charles Rice, Charles D. Swain. Ezra Conant, Nathaniel H. Calder, Levi Morse. Mr. Hatch is foreman.

Mr. Bedlington wished to know the effect on his oath of any change of his mind during the progress of the trial. But the judge informed him that that question could not be gone into. Mr. B. also asked whether he might state his opinions on the Fugitive Slave Law to the Court, but the judge declined hearing him.

As Mr. Wright objected to Mr. Ellis when his name was called, it was supposed that the opinion which he had formed, and which prevented his serving, was unfavourable to the defendant.

The judge now dismissed the other jurors till 10 o'clock next Tuesday, and informed Mr. Wright that, as he was to conduct his case, he might leave the dock and occupy the place that would otherwise be occupied by his counsel.

The Clerk, Mr. Barnes, here read the indictment to the jury, one of the longest and driest documents that ever fatigued an audience. Mr. Wright and Mr. Barnes were granted permission to sit during the reading.

Mr. Lunt opened the case. He said he should present the case very briefly, and read the part of the fugitive slave law under which he considered the case as coming, and the law of 1790 on which the last three counts are founded.

He had never heard the law of 1790 questioned. This Court had ruled that the Fugitive Slave Law was constitutional, and the jurors had sworn to convict if the Court directed them that it was constitutional, and the facts were proved. He then stated that Shadrach was the slave of Debree in Virginia in 1850, gave some account of his escape, and his arrest on Saturday, February 15, 1851, and the circumstances connected with his rescue, of course bearing pretty hard on Mr. Wright in the particulars that concerned him, or, to speak more correctly, giving more credit than he would be justified in claiming.

He said, in conclusion, that he would show that two or three days before the rescue, Mr. Wright had, in a ward meeting, before respectable persons, spoken in the most outrageous and blasphemous manner in regard to this law, so that the hearers were astonished.

Mr. Wright said that as the government opening presented new and entirely false matter, he wished for time to consult counsel.

The Judge said that the defendant had a right to counsel, unless he had precluded the choice by electing before to manage his case himself. But if he wished now to procure counsel, he should not be held to his former choice. But then, if he had counsel, he must leave the case to them, and not assist in managing it.

Mr. Wright asked whether he could not in that case address the jury?

The Judge informed him that he could, but not he and his counsel too, that this also he must either assume wholly himself or leave wholly to his counsel.

Mr. Wright repeating his request for time, the Court adjourned till half-past nine this morning.

SECOND DAY..... JUNE 5, 1852.

Commissioner George T. Curtis called—Testified about as in former cases. Mr. Wright cross-examined him slightly, but elicited nothing of importance

John Debree called—Mr. W objected to his testimony, on the ground that prima facie there is no Slavery and can be no slaves in Virginia. The Constitution of Virginia is like that of Massachusetts on this point. It is not competent to prove that Shadrach was a slave before showing that such a fact is possible.

The Court ruled that the question is partly one of law and partly one of fact. The laws of Virginia the Court is presumed to know and must recognise officially; that the existence of Slavery there is so recognised that the testimony of Mr. Debree as to Shadrach having been his slave must be held to be admissible.

Mr. Debree proceeded with his testimony as in former trials Mr. Wright asked him whether he knew Slavery to have a legal existence in Virginia.

Mr. Debree said he knew nothing of the law.

Mr. Wright—Do you know that his mother was not a free woman?

Debree—I do not.

Wright—Do you know that the man arrested here as Shadrach was the man you claimed as your slave.

Debree—I do not.

[Mr. Debree was not in Boston at the time of the rescue, and did not see Shadrach here.]

Mr. Lunt here suggested that it would be proper to introduce the warrant, and read it; after which he called Mr. Patrick Riley, who gave an account of the rescue, which he has given so often that he must begin to feel familiar with it, till he came to the part relating particularly to Mr. Wright, who he said come in with the coloured preacher about 15 or 20 minutes before 2, after he had given orders that no one should be admitted, as the room was about to be cleared. Mr. Wright addressed Shadrach with the words, "where were your defences?" He also said that he had been the friend of the slave since 1833. I remarked that he must leave the room, as I could allow no such remarks. Mr. Wright replied that he was in the United States Court Room, intimating that he had a right in it. I told him that now was an opportunity for those gentlemen who are so philanthropic to buy Shadrach, as I had no doubt his owner would sell him. I would give twenty-five dollars myself, and if necessary fifty. Mr. Wright said that he would rather give fifty dollars to buy weapons or pistols. I think his word was pistols. I was then introduced to Mr. Wright, I think by Mr. Davis, and he said rather sneeringly, "I did not know I had the honour of talking with the Deputy Marshal." I replied in a similar way that I did not know that I had the honour of talking to Mr. Wright.

[This little account of reciprocal politeness between the two gentlemen was quite pleasant.]

On the cross-examination, Mr. Riley said he could not say that Mr. W. said to Shadrach, where were your defences. He might have said, where were your weapons or instruments; and he might have said, where were his defences, in a general way, instead of addressing the remark directly to Shadrach. He did not remember whether anybody said, I would rather give twenty-five dollars to buy such northern slaves as you; but he remembered that a gentleman stated that such a remark was made. I cannot state very precisely the order in which the different remarks were made. When the door was forced open, there were many cries of "in—in." I did not see Mr. Wright do anything, nor then hear him say anything; nor could I have distinguished a remark of his in the general outcry. Shadrach ran towards the east door, but turned and ran to the crowd at the west door. I pointed at him and exclaimed that if he moved I should shoot him. I may also have called to other officers to shoot him; but I had no pistol, and did not know of any other person having one in the room. I threatened to shoot him to prevent his running. I do not know that there was any resistance made to the crowd, except by holding the door, nor that any one took hold of Shadrach. I ordered Mr. Wright to be put out. The officers stood still, and I did not persist in the order, because I did not wish then to raise an altercation, my force not being large, there being a crowd outside, and it being my principal business to take care of Shadrach.

Mr. Charles Sawin testified that Mr. Wright said to Shadrach, "Where were your weapons?" When Mr. Riley proposed subscribing to buy Shadrach, Mr. Wright said he would rather give fifty dollars to buy pistols to shoot the United States officers. When the crowd was forcing its way in Mr. Wright was in the door-way, about three feet from me, and I heard him say, "in—in," as others did.

Wright—Have you Mr. Sawin, within a few years, been deposed from the office of constable?

Mr. Lunt objected, and said that though he may have been removed from the office of constable, yet he has been a deputy marshal of the United States for a year and a half, which is some guarantee for his credibility as a witness.

Mr. Wright differed from him, and wished to pursue such a course of examination as to bring out the fact that since the passage of the Fugitive Slave Law no men could be obtained as deputy Marshal, who were credible as witnesses.

The Judge said that the witness was bound to answer any question relevant to the issue, though it might disgrace him; but not if it would criminate him.

The witness was then led through the history of his life in Boston, which seems to have been one of considerable variety. He had been a keeper of horses, a carriage driver for Governor Winthrop, keeper of places and goods for sheriffs, &c. To the question whether he had ever been keeper of a small grog shop, he answered with a handsome glow of indignation, that he never kept one except as keeper for the sheriff. The cross examination was long and close, but elicited not much that was new.

In answer to a question by Mr. Lunt the witness said that when removed from the office of constable, he was out of office only about three weeks, having petitioned for a hearing, and been re-appointed.

Calvin Hutchins.—When the crowd was trying to get in, I was pulling at the outside door from within, endeavouring to hold it to. I heard fifteen or twenty voices calling, come in. Some of the voices were inside, behind me. I did not know who those were who called come in.

George Woodman.—Custom House storekeeper. Had a conversation with Mr. Wright early in February, 1851, in the Ward room in Mason street, on the day of an election, perhaps the election of a representative.

Mr. Wright objected to the testimony.

Mr. Lunt stated that he intended to show that Mr. Wright had said that he would resist the Fugitive Slave law, and himself would shoot officers or others who would attempt to enforce it.

Mr Wright said general statements had nothing to do with particular cases; that if anything he had said in regard to this particular case were introduced, he could understand its relevancy.

Mr. Lunt read authorities to show that the testimony was admissible to show the intent with which Mr. Wright was likely to act and did act.

The judge ruled that the testimony was admissible, and that the jury must decide upon its force.

Mr. Woodman stated that at the time referred to, Mr. Wright said to him, "I suppose you are one of those dammed dough faces—Whigs—who, if a fugitive were pursued here, would help to arrest him." I said I hoped no such case would occur, but if it should, I should go with the law. "Then you are," said he, "just such a dammed scoundrel as I took you to be, and if I should be there I should blow your brains out." He stated that he would resist the law, and should shoot any man who would attempt to enforce it.

On cross-examination he stated that there had been considerable conversation, that some rallying remarks had been made, but that no one seemed excited but Mr. Wright, who was very much excited.

Mr. Barker said that he was present, that Mr. Wright was greatly excited and used profane language, such as he had never heard him use before, while Mr. Woodman kept perfectly cool; that Mr. Wright threatened violence to any one who would try to enforce the law.

Mr. Wright did not cross-examine this witness.

While waiting for another witness Mr. Lunt mentioned to the court that he would during the trial introduce statements made by Mr. Wright in a paper which he edited, and might occupy the time in showing their admissibility.

The judge said that when the evidence was offered, he would consider its character.

Mr. Lunt then stated that he wished to introduce a confession of Shadrach that he was the slave of Debree, and read the decision of Judge Kane admitting the confession of a person accused of being a slave, were admitted. But the judge ruled that Shadrach being no party to this suit, his statements could not be introduced as evidence.

Clement Willis, is Warden of Ward 8. Heard the conversation referred to by Mr. Woodman. Mr. Wright was very much excited and swore very badly, and I remarked to my clerk that as I supposed him to be a minister I was very much surprised. I thought of asking him to desist, and of putting him out if he would not; but seeing it was almost four o'clock, the time to close, I concluded not to say anything. I heard him say in reply to a question from Mr. Woodman, that in some case, perhaps if he would help to enforce the fugitive slave law, he would shoot him.

Mr. Lunt not having any more testimony ready, not having expected to get through so rapidly, and it being Saturday, requested that the Court would adjourn.

The judge agreed to do so, till ten o'clock on Monday, giving notice that during the remaining days of these trials excepting Monday morning, the Court would commence at half-past nine o'clock A. M., and remain in session till half-past three o'clock P. M.

THIRD DAY.....JUNE 7.

It appears that some of the papers in the case, which were in the possession of Mr. Lunt, are lost. Among them the power of attorney from Debree to Caphart, and the bill of sale from the Sheriff to Higgins, who sold to Debree. A copy of the former paper was proved by Debree. Mr. Lunt endeavoured to prove by Debree the contents of the bill of sale, in a very imperfect way, but was unable at first to lay a foundation by showing the loss of the paper, and afterwards this defect having been supplied by copies which Mr. Lunt thought he could recognize, was unable to prove the authority of the sheriff. The testimony in regard to the contents of the bill of sale was therefore excluded.

William H. Parks, Commission Merchant.—Knows a coloured man named Shadrach. Knew him in Norfolk about five years ago. Saw him in Boston on his arrival here. Gave him the first employment he had in this city. He went afterwards to live as Taft's, now kept by Mr. Young. Saw him there a few days before the rescue. He was of a brown colour, about 25 or 28 years old.

Cross examined by Mr. Wright.—I knew him in Virginia from the time he was 12 or 14 years old. Was in a counting room in a store in which Shadrach worked. Did not see him after his arrest.

Chas. G. Forbes, Traveller; travels with Circuses and other shows. Shadrach was pointed out to me at Taft's in May 1850, by Mr. Parks. I mentioned afterwards to Mr. Sawin that that was Shadrach.

Mr. Sawin.—Mr. Forbes pointed Shadrach out to me on the 15th of February, the day on which he was arrested. I was the man who arrested Shadrach. It was the understanding the evening before, when I received the warrant, that Mr. Forbes should point out Shadrach to me.

Mr. Lunt here wished to introduce an article which was published in the *Commonwealth* newspaper in March 1851. He called S. E. Sewall, Esq., to the stand to show that Mr. Wright was then the editor. But Mr. Sewall could not say with certainty that Mr. Wright acted as editor at that date. Mr. Lunt then moved for delay, that he might have Mr. Damrell brought to the city to testify on the subject. In a long examination into the sufficiency of the reasons on which the application for delay were founded, it appeared that Mr. Lunt gave a subpœna for Mr. Damrell to an officer on Saturday evening. The officer went to Dedham, but finding that Mr. Damrell lives four miles further, and that if he went there he would not be able to return that night, gave the subpœna to another person to serve. The Marshal was informed this morning by Mr. Damrell's son that his father was too unwell to come to the city. The judge thought sending the subpœna on Saturday evening was not using such diligence as would give a claim for delay. Mr. Lunt then stated that he purposely withheld the subpœna till that time from a feeling of responsibility to the government, there being certain facts connected with the introduction of this testimony which he did not wish to disclose.

Mr. Wright refused to agree to the grant of delay, unless Mr. Lunt would now state the reasons which induced him to withhold the subpœna.

The judge decided that if Mr. Lunt would make an affidavit that he had reasons which induced him to withhold it, he would consider it a sufficient ground for granting the delay, without requiring him to disclose the secrets of the government.

A recess being here directed for a quarter of an hour, till 12 o'clock, Mr. Lunt prepared an affidavit, which when the session of the court was resumed, he presented. The judge said that he considered the affidavit sufficient, that he must conclude from it that there was no negligence on the part of the District Attorney, and that he would grant a delay, if Mr. Wright would prefer to have a delay to merely postponing the introduction of the testimony to another stage of the trial. If Mr. Wright were willing to go on and let the District Attorney put in the evidence when ready, the court would direct the trial to be proceeded with.

Mr. Wright stated that as he was ignorant of the substance of the testimony which Mr. Lunt wished to introduce, and as he might need to summon a number of witnesses to rebut it, he should prefer not to open his defence till the government had finished putting in its evidence.

An officer had been sent for Mr. Damrell yesterday morning, and after some delay in finding out that he would not be able to return before at least two o'clock, the case was postponed till this morning at half-past nine o'clock.

The whole proceeding, with the exception of examining the witnesses who testified to Shadrach's identity, was on the part of Mr. Lunt, a pursuit of evidence under difficulty. There was scarcely a step proposed to be taken, which did not require the service of several other steps to make it feasible. The interest of the spectators, even of those who did not understand the secrets of legal proceedings, was well sustained, and as Mr. Lunt is fully able to bear his own vexations, their enjoyment was happily not marred by any painful awakening of sympathy.

After the postponement of Mr. Wright's trial, the Judge continued on the bench, attending to other business half an hour, till near one o'clock, when he directed the court to be adjourned. Just at the close of this interesting ceremony Mr. Damrell came in.

It seems he had not heard of any such summons for him as that said to have been sent on Saturday evening. He does not live four miles from the Dedham depot, but only two. If the officer went at six o'clock on Saturday evening, he could, contrary to the statement made, have served the summons on Mr. Damrell, and returned to the city the same evening. Mr. Damrell's son did not inform the Marshal yesterday morning that his father was too unwell to come to the city; but that he was better, and would probably be in by 12 o'clock. The officer who went to serve the summons yesterday was not unable to return before two o'clock, but had quite sufficient time to return before one.

Surely this was a pursuit of testimony under difficulties, unless one should think that the sentence might be justly altered, so as to read—The pursuit of difficulties under the appearance of seeking testimony.

FOURTH DAY.... JUNE 8.

The bill of sale from the deputy Sheriff to Higgins having been found, Mr. Lunt wished to introduce it as evidence, and read some authorities to show its admissibility.

The Judge said that the case was like that of a Sheriff's giving a deed of land. Proof that he was a regularly appointed officer is not sufficient. The precept authorizing the sale must be shown. Without the deputy Sheriff's precept for making the sale of Shadrach mentioned in that bill of sale, the bill is itself not evidence. It cannot therefore be admitted.

Mr. Forbes recalled—wished to correct his statement of yesterday. He mentioned that he had pointed out Shadrach in the month of May. He finds that he had confounded two cases. He saw another slave in May, but finds on referring to his papers that it was February that the pointed out Shadrach.

Wm. S. Damrell—was one of the proprietors of the *Commonwealth* newspaper in March, 1851. Mr. W. was then the general editor, and Mr. Bird was considered the political editor; knew little of the division of labour between the editors, or the authorship of any particular articles.

Mr. Lunt here offered in evidence an article in the *Commonwealth* of March 28, 1851. He offered it to show the interest of the defendant, under the rule of law that previous or subsequent declarations may be adduced to show the interest of the party accused.

Mr. Wright thought a case which the District Attorney cited did not begin to meet this case. There the declaration had reference to the particular act of which the party was accused. But there is nothing in this article referring to the case before the Court. He also thought the statement of the witness and the paper showed that he was not responsible for any political articles; that the government must show that he was responsible for the article. Why does the Attorney not summon the political editor to show whether I am or am not responsible?

Mr. Lunt thought the remark would apply the other way. The defendant can summon Mr. Bird, and if Mr. Wright did not write the article, he has nothing to fear from its introduction as evidence.

The Judge thought as the article was published long after the rescue now in question, as it contained nothing relating to the particular acts charged in the indictments, and as there were two editors, and it had not been shown that it was written by the defendant, the article could not be admitted as evidence.

This article, which caused so much trouble and delay in the trial, and after all was excluded, was an editorial calling on the friends of freedom to come to Boston on the 6th of April, 1851, to attend the Anti-Fugitive Slave Law Convention which was held in Tremont Temple. It was probably written by Mr. Bird. But if it had been shown to be from the pen of Mr. Wright, it would have been more likely to benefit than injure his case, as it is not intemperate nor unreasonably severe.

Patrick Riley was recalled to describe the height and bacon-colour of Shadrach.

The evidence for the Government being all put in, Mr. Wright opened his defence.

MR. WRIGHT'S OPENING ADDRESS.

Gentlemen of the Jury: The government prosecutor in this case has travelled far beyond the record, woolgathering for something to convict me, but as I think you will not fail to perceive that he has come home close-shorn, it is not necessary for me to follow him throughout his discursive vagabondage. He has ransacked the past and the future of the Shadrach rescue for my intentions—gravy for the roast beef and sauce for the solid pudding of the acts charged—but as the roast beef and the pudding of my criminality are entirely wanting, he is quite welcome to make the most of the gravy and the sauce. I am not indicted, gentlemen, for political heresy, for profanity, or anger, or threats of violence, or for being an immoral and dangerous character, but for doing certain specific acts at a specific time in aid of a particular case of frustration of the Fugitive Slave Law, so called. If these particular acts are not proved, my aversion or animosity towards that law is nothing to this court under the present indictment. I do not regard this portion of the government case as any thing which I am required to meet.

Yet I will make a single remark in regard to the conversation testified by three of the government witnesses to have occurred in the 8th ward-room of this city at a time when, surely, no one will suspect *me* of having known anything of the contemplated arrest of Shadrach. If these witnesses are all to be believed without abatement, I am proved to have given way to a deplorable infirmity of temper, by which nobody suffered but myself, and no cause suffered but that of opposition to the Fugitive Slave Law. But if, as early as Solomon, opposition could make a wise man mad, is it wonderful that one not very wise should be made mad by a law which oppresses the innocent poor and degrades every foot of soil in Massachusetts? It has not been a rare phenomenon since the passage of this law to see very quiet and peaceful citizens made exceedingly angry and almost belligerent by the mention of it. Without, by any means, confessing to these irrelevant charges of a gross breach of decorum in this particular case, I am free to confess that in view of this law, I always find it difficult to command my temper, and to all those who can speak calmly and dispassionately about it, I have only to say, in the language of Scotland's noble but ill-fated bard:

O ye donce folk who live by rule,
Growe, tideless-blooded, calm and cool,
Compared with you, O fool! fool! fool!
How much unlike,
Your hearts are just a standing pool,
Your lives a dike.

Yet though one may be afflicted with an infirmity of temper in relation to a given subject, it by no means follows that his conduct in relation to a given subject will be guided by a similar infirmity of judgment. Anger, like drinking, is a bad habit, but there are statesmen whose wisdom is much relied on between their cups, so there are passionate men who are prudent when not mad. That which the learned District Attorney has taken so much pains to bring into this case is the poorest sort of circumstantial evidence. It is a very weak corroborative, but, alas! for him, there is nothing to corroborate. Absolutely nothing, gentlemen of the jury.

I had, as I shall very shortly prove to you, nothing more to do with the design, countenancing or accomplishment of the taking of Shadrach Minkins out of this room than the wood of that honourable bench had. Being here in the exercise of my profession, I was a simple looker on in this Venice, entirely statuesque and impassive. Through the whole Genesis and Exodus of the transaction, I neither did nor said anything from which the rescuers could have suspected that I was not Mr. Commissioner Curtis himself. This I shall abundantly prove by the most unquestionable witnesses, though there hardly seems to be any need of it after the testimony which the government has produced.

Fshall prove to you, gentlemen, that on the morning of the 15th of February I was in attendance on a meeting of the proprietors of the *Commonwealth* newspaper, that I was told of the arrest of Shadrach at an early period in that meeting, that notwithstanding this I continued at the meeting, attending solely to its business, and taking an active part in its deliberations to its close, which was but a few minutes before two o'clock. That I then came hastily to the door of the court-room and tarried there no longer than to gain admission as a reporter. That in the exercise of my vocation as reporter, I immediately inquired of the counsel of the prisoner the particulars of the arrest and trial and the nature of the proceedings contemplated. That I spoke neither to Shadrach nor to Riley, the Deputy Marshal, till the latter offered to sell the prisoner, when I said that I preferred using my money to buy northern Slaves from their southern masters. That after being ordered out of the room and refusing to go, I was first informed that Riley was Deputy Marshal, and having stated to him that I had mistaken him for another person, and made a proper apology for the mistake, I was allowed by him to speak to Shadrach, which I did, expressing my sympathy for him without any effort whatever at privacy or concealment. I shall further prove—at least I expect to prove—for it was the fact that while I was still near the centre of the room, in the act of speaking to Mr. Riley himself, a shout was raised outside the door and there was a sudden rush to push it open against those who were holding it inside, that after that it was impossible for me to have gone out so as to be in a position to come in with the crowd, and that I made no such attempt; that I did nothing to aid, and said nothing to encourage the irruption of the crowd; that the only thing I did say was when Deputy Marshal Riley ordered to shoot Shadrach, "Don't you shoot a man in the Court Room." Farther, gentlemen, I shall prove that the whole siege and capture, Genesis and Exosus, occupied not more than two minutes, probably not one minute. It is not pretended that I did any act to aid the besiegers, and I shall show that no words of mine, whatever words I might have uttered, could possibly have affected the revolt either way. So much for the facts.

Mr Wright then called his witnesses.

Charles G. Davis, Esq.—Was in the Court room when Mr. Wright came in. He described the occurrences that took place. He heard Mr. Riley's remark about buying Shadrach, and Mr. Wright or some one said, "I should rather give twenty-five dollars to shoot the Northern jackals." He then detailed the incidents connected with his own leaving of the room, and the yell, indicating the rushing in of the crowd almost immediately after his getting out of the door.

He heard Mr. Wright speak to Shadrach, but did not hear him say, "Where were your defences?"

Cross-examined by Mr. Lunt.—I am a Justice of the Peace, and was then. I should not interfere if I saw Mr. Lunt or any other officer pursuing a fugitive slave. I should wish the slave God speed. I may have been a member of the Vigilance Committee. I was informed in Court by Mr. Lunt that in October, 1820, I was chosen a member of the Committee, at a meeting in Faneuil Hall. I have never been otherwise notified of my having been, then or at any other time, chosen a member, though I attended meetings of the Committee.

Mr. Wright objecting to Mr. Lunt's trying the Vigilance Committee in the case, the Judge said the District Attorney could, in his cross-examination, show that the witness was biassed in the defendant's favour.

Mr. Davis remarked that he was very willing to admit his bias, that he was strongly biassed in Mr. Wright's favour.

Wm. H. Jamieson, Piano Forte maker—Called at the Adams House on the 15th of February, 1851; saw Mr. Wright, and informed him that a fugitive was said to have been arrested, and said I hoped he would go and be present at the hearing.

Mr. Samuel Downer, Jr.—Was at the meetin at the Adams House, and remember that Mr. Wright was one of the last to leave it.

Dr. J. W. Stone, was at the Adams House meeting. It met at about 11, and continued till about 20 minutes of 2. Mr. Wright made one of the last speeches. Mr. Jamieson, or some other person well known to me, came in and informed some of us that a fugitive had been arrested. We informed the chairman, and a few others, but kept the fact from the principal body of the meeting, for fear of breaking it. As I walked down the street with one or two other persons, Mr. Wright passed us, walking very rapidly.

Robert Morris, Esq., was present in the court room when Mr. Wright came in. He gave a full account of the occurrences in the room, and his leaving it a moment before the rescue occurred, leaving Mr. Wright in such a situation in the room, that he could not have reached the door by running, before the crowd broke in.

Mr. Lunt gave Mr Morris a long cross-examination, endeavouring to implicate him in the rescue, but without eliciting any claim for him to be considered one of the rescuers.

S. E. Sewall, Esq., was in the room at the time of Mr. Wright's coming in, and recollect saying he thought in answer to an inquiry by Mr. Wright, that the papers had been examined, and that there was a chance of Shadrach's being discharged on account of their insufficiency.

Edward A. Grimes was in the room, and gave a full account of the often-repeated incidents of the rescue.

Mr Wright here stated that he had two other witnesses summoned, but on account of the course which the government had taken, he did not care to call them, as he was safe without their testimony.

The Judge stated to Mr. Wright that as he was no lawyer, it might be well to say to him that there are three sets of counts in the indictments. The first are based on the allegation that Shadrach was a fugitive from service due from him. The second on the ground that he was an alleged fugitive. The third set are based on the ground that there was an obstruction of officers under the law of 1789. On the second set of counts it would not be necessary to make any remarks in his closing argument, as the rulings of the court had decided that those counts were insufficient under the act of 1850, the government being bound to prove not only that the person who escaped was alleged to be a fugitive, but that he had been actually so held under the laws of the State from which he had escaped.

Mr. Lunt here obtained leave to introduce officer Stratton to rebut some remarks of Mr. Morris, but there was nothing in his testimony of importance.

The testimony being all given in, Mr. Wright asked the judge whether he was to understand that under the law of 1789 it was not necessary to show that the alleged fugitive was really a fugitive, whether his being alleged to be such would be held to be sufficient.

The judge said that the obstruction would be criminal whether the alleged fugitive owed service or not, the object of holding him having been for the purpose of an examination into the question whether he did owe service, just as it would be criminal to rescue a person charged with murder, whether he had actually committed murder or not.

Mr. Wright moved that the Court would quash the indictment on account of the want of authority in the Commissioner before whom the proceedings against Shadrach were had. Mr. Commissioner Curtis testifies that he has no commission. The Constitution of the United States requires in the most positive manner that every officer shall be commissioned. Mr. Wright argued the point very ably. He referred to the views Mr. Clay had expressed on the importance of adhering to the language of the Constitution, instead of accepting constructions of it, which might be always changing and varied to suit a hundred differing parties. He mentioned that every officer in our State, even Justices of the Peace, must have commissions, that at the last session of the Legislature a bill was introduced to legalize the doings of a Justice who had no commision, but was not passed. He also made a strong statement of the supreme importance of having an officer who has the power to send a man into eternal Slavery, regularly appointed, even if custom were allowed to rule in any cases of inferior officers.

Mr. Wright then wished to know whether he must understand that he would not be allowed to argue to the jury their right to judge the law as well as the facts of the case.

The Judge informed him that such had been the ruling of the Court, and he could not permit either counsel or a party to address the jury on that point.

The argument was therefore addressed to the Judge, but the jury of course listened a little more attentively than if it had been made to them expressly.

EXECUTION OF A SLAVE.—The *Mississippi Free Trader*, published at Natchez, relates thus a recent incident in that city:

"Yesterday, a few minutes past 12, the negro Ike, the property of William G. Conner, of this county, was hung privately in the Natchez Jail Yard. The rope was adjusted, and the drop-rope cut by one of the deputy sheriffs. There had been great exertions used to get this negro clear from this final punishment. The man, named *Shillings*, whom he cut, has been famous, or infamous, on every plantation where he had been overseer, for his difficulties with negroes. The friends of the negroe's life signed a petition to the Governor for Ike's pardon, and brought it, we learn, for *Shillings* to sign, which he would not do unless they gave him a *hundred dollars*, in which case he said he would carry it up to the Governor himself!

So it appears that this man could be bribed for $100, and as the demand was not given him, he would not perform that humane duty. True, the negro acknowledged the deed committed, and he should and ought to be punished; as, also, should the man that could or would be bribed, for the life of man, for one hundred dollars, meet the same infliction. He was conducted to the scaffold by the deputy sheriff, in company with the Rev. Mr. Hardy, Catholic clergyman, who waited upon him in his last moments, and to whom he declared a full resignation and preparation to meet his fate. His last words, as we are informed, were, to some of his negro friends: "Good bye, boys, I hope to meet you in heaven." This prosecutor, Shillings, was but a few days ago, elected, by the City Council of Natchez, as Night Watchman. Will the City Council of Natchez keep in employ such a man that would or could be bribed for $100? We hope not. The execution was private by order of the Supreme Court, which had the final revision of the trial.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

*** *All communications for the paper, and letters relating to its pecuniary concerns should be addressed to* SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, *New-York.*

†† *Donations to the Treasury of the* AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY *may be forwarded to* FRANCIS JACKSON, *Treasurer, at Boston; or to* SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, *New-York.*

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JUNE 18, 1852.

SHORT-SIGHTED foreigners are apt to reproach us for a want of national amusements, and some of our own countrymen, even, who ought to know better, find a cause for certain minor faults in the national character in the same deficiency. Their mistake is in supposing amusement to be necessarily one thing, and business another, as if business could never be an amusement, and amusement never a business; whereas, the truth is, so far are we, as a people, from wanting the former, we have nothing else. We are a great, a wonderful, an almighty people in many respects, but in none so great, so wonderful, so almighty as in this—we are never serious, never in earnest, and always at play. Life is a pastime; man's destiny a joke; this world's affairs are mere play things, and we have nothing to do here but to rattle them with all our might, and each to outdo his neighbour in the noise he makes.

Our great game is politics. Elsewhere in the world, and in other times, politics are and have been a very serious matter. The principles of politics have meant something for which men went to the stake, perilled their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honours, and endured the hardships, the horrors, the sacrifices of national or of civil war. The principles of politics is an unmeaning alliteration to us; we believe only in the pastime of politics.

We—speaking editorially—pretend by no means to be above this national weakness, or below this national greatness, whichever it may be. As a spectator, we like to look upon the game, if we do not personally engage in it. Indeed it is more amusing to the spectator than to the active participant. The actor loses in the exertion of action something of the zest of enjoyment.

We are looking, therefore, with interest and anxiety to the proceedings of the Whig Convention in session, this week, at Baltimore—with interest for whatever it may do, with anxiety lest it shall not do the right thing. The action of the Democratic Convention was very well, with its Pierce and its Platform, and sufficient to provoke, as it is, a broad national laugh; but when were superadded to it the grave ratification of the *Evening Post* and the whole Free Soil party of this State—of which that paper is the organ—represented by JOHN VAN BUREN and HENRY B. STANTON, advocating in Tammany Hall the nominations and the constitutional obligation of catching runaway slaves, it is quite enough to make a cynic scream with delight. But there is some reason to apprehend that the joke is carried so far as to spoil the after-piece. The Democrats have arranged their part of the game so well, that it is by no means impossible that their antagonists will be whipped before they begin. The national amusement, this time, will be turned into a national disappointment, if the Whigs are not very careful what they are about.

The only candidates now before the party—Heaven only knows how many there may be kept out of sight to be used in case of emergency—are Webster, Scott, and Fillmore. The only question before the country, as everybody knows, and everybody acknowledges, is the question of Slavery. On this question, either candidate is as good—or as bad—as the other, and all of them just as implicitly to be trusted as Pierce himself. But the probability of their making good sport is by no means equal. Fillmore, no doubt, may be considered as out of the question, as he certainly would be the moment he should be nominated; so the contest, at the outset, will be narrowed down to Scott and Webster. The former is irreverently denominated "Old Fuss and Feathers," but, like the bird from which the appellation may have been borrowed, there is certainly game in him. If the Convention shall give him the nomination—and we happen to know that he confidently reckons upon receiving it on the first ballot—there will be some sport. But should Webster receive it, of which there is, at this time of writing, a growing probability, it is melancholy to think what a sudden collapse there will be in the high-blown hopes of the public for fun. A contest between the two sons of New Hampshire would be so unmitigatedly tame and lifeless, that the people would turn with disgust from the ballot-box, and return to that never-failing source of amusement, speculation in stocks and in cotton, which they never quit, except on Sundays, for the amusement of Church-going.

However, perhaps before these lines shall meet the eyes of our readers, the decision will be made, and we shall know whether we are to have a lively or a dull summer. We congratulate or condole with them, as the case may be.

GEN FRANKLIN PIERCE, in a letter dated Tremont House, Boston, May 27th, 1852, says:

The sentiment of no one State is to be regarded upon this (the Compromise) subject; but having fought the battle in New Hampshire upon the Fugitive Slave Law, and upon what we believed to be the ground of constitutional right, we should of course desire the approval of the democracy of the country. What I wish to say to you is this: If the Compromise measures are not to be substantially and firmly maintained, the plain rights secured by the constitution will be trampled in the dust.

HENRY B. STANTON, once a Secretary of the American Anti-Slavery Society—a delegate to the World's Anti-Slavery Convention, in London, of 1840—a leader, with Tappan, Birney, and others, in the secession, in 1840, from the American Anti-Slavery Society—since then, till recently, a "New Organizationist," and (old) Liberty Party man—at the Locofoco Ratification Meeting at Tammany Hall, on the 11th inst., said:

He (the speaker) had opposed Cass in 1848; but if he had been nominated, *there was not a man that trod the soil would have supported him more faithfully*, from the closing of the convention till the going down of the sun on the day of election in November next. He said this because it might come with a better grace than from any of those who had supported him in 1848; but the issue (Free Soil) was now past and gone. If they had been, as he was, in the convention, and had witnessed the alacrity displayed to come together on Franklin Pierce, it would not have surprised the friends of Cass that they had fixed upon him as the man to unite them. They could compare it to nothing but the caving in of a mighty sand bank, such were the strenuous efforts of the delegates from all the States to be first in for General Pierce (cheers). The first gentleman who had addressed them was the democratic candidate for Governor of Indiana; the second was from Tennessee. They liked this nomination—so did they, and so did he (loud cheers). It *would break down forever among the men of New York the middle wall of partition* (Free Soil, again) *which had divided the democracy of the Empire State.*

JOHN VAN BUREN, the leader of the Free Soil Party in this State, and one of the principal builders of the Buffalo Platform, at the same meeting, said:

He knew him (Pierce) to be a man qualified to discharge the duties of the Presidency, to which he would be called. He would support him candidly and zealously. He bore testimony also to the character of Wm. R. King, the candidate for the Vice Presidency, and he (Mr. Van Buren) *was prepared to stand on the platform laid down at Baltimore* (great cheering). New York would stand on that platform, and he would not stop to inquire under what vote, or under what influence, it was adopted; but he would *say that he most unqualifiedly approved of that platform for this election* (cheers), *and would faithfully and cordially stand upon it.* He would now speak to them in resp

Institute," for the education of "Fugitive Slaves and Indians," in Canada. At the close of the sermon, the Rev. Joseph Henson came forward and made an eloquent appeal in favour of the object, and a large collection was taken up for the proposed school.

Can you give me any light with regard to Henson and his object? From what we could gather from him, and what we know ourselves, he has been for some years connected with an Institution in Canada known as the "Dawn Mills," at which a small school was kept for the instruction of fugitives, Henson acting as "Begging Agent." But, by some mismanagement, he has done but little more than collect his salary. This being the case, the school has gone down (if, indeed, it was ever up), and Henson has been severely censured for his conduct in the matter. Henson came to this country as an agent for this school; but, soon after his arrival, letters were sent to England from Canada cautioning the people against giving him money, as he had no authority to collect for that purpose. This so stopped up his way, that he had to return to Canada, and get a new appointment. Henson was accompanied by Mr. John Scoble, the object of whose visit is not known, only that he did not go out at his own expense. The result of this visit was that Scoble and Henson obtained possession of the school, and returned to England. Acting upon the old adage, that when a man's name becomes odious to the public, it is better to change it, the Dawn Mill School has been metamorphosed into "British and American Institute;" and to make it of still more interest, they have included the red Indians as well as the fugitive slaves. But the most interesting feature of the whole concern is yet to be told. Ten thousand dollars is to be raised, to set the old school, with a new name, afloat. Five thousand has already been subscribed, and Henson is engaged in getting the remainder. When the total sum has been raised, Messrs. Scoble and Henson (for this is the name of the firm) are to start for Canada.

I would not, under any earthly consideration, attempt to put a stop to people giving to benevolent purposes, and above all for the education of the poor slave who has made his escape from the cotton, sugar and rice farms of the far South. Yet we are not bound to hold our peace when we see money given for such purposes, thrown away as it too often is. Whatever may be Mr. Henson's qualifications for other objects, he is certainly unfit to have anything to do with the management of a school, as has been well developed during the twelve years that he has had the control of the Dawn School. And what assurance has the public that it will be any better managed by Mr. Scoble being added to the concern? Mr. Scoble knows nothing whatever of the wants, peculiarities and condition of the fugitives, and he goes from England to Canada just as the inexperienced clerk goes out of a shop in Regent street or Broadway to take charge of a farm. Mr. Scoble has never had any connection with schools in this country; and why he should be selected to go to Canada, seems a mystery to all here, except the committee that has the management of this new establishment. To say nothing of the mental disease with which Mr. Scoble has unfortunately been afflicted for some months, he is totally unfit for the station of a teacher to these poor creatures. One good friend of Mr. Scoble said to me, a few days since, "that he (Scoble) had got the appointment to go to Canada because it was thought that if taken out of the bustle of a London life, he would regain his mental faculties." That is all very well; but the worst part of this affair is yet to be told. What will the hard-fisted people of New England say—nay, what will the fugitives in Canada say—when they learn that Mr. John Scoble goes to Canada, in July next, to become the teacher of a school which will not accommodate, at most, more than twenty persons, and that he is to receive the enormous sum of two thousand five hundred dollars per annum. This will startle you, I am sure, but it is no fiction; I would that it were. This Institution is to be under the control of a Committee in London who have no idea of the expenditure of money, as you will see by the salary which Mr. Scoble is to get. The services of almost any man in Cambridge College could have been obtained for this sum, not excepting Professor Longfellow.

But why get any of these high-priced men to take charge of a little country school for the instruction of fugitive slaves, especially as the means of keeping such a school in existence comes from the pockets of men and women who give it for the slaves' sake? Are there no coloured men in the States, or in Canada, who could become teachers for their brethren? I have read some very excellent letters in Frederick Douglass' newspaper, from the pen of one Samuel R. Ward, and a Mr. Logan. From those letters, these men appear to be educated. Could not their services be secured? They being coloured men, and enjoying, as I understand, the confidence of their brethren, could do much more good for the fugitive than such a man as Mr. Scoble, who scarcely ever crosses the street unless in a cab. I dare say that if F. Douglass was applied to, he could get at least three good men capable of teaching the fugitives, whose entire pay would not cost more than Mr. Scoble's salary. This arrangement which Henson has entered into shows that he knows nothing of the value of money. If men could be got on the ground to take charge of the school, it would save the cost of Mr. Scoble's passage to Canada, which is also to come out of the ten thousand dollars. Henson is also to have a salary and a full run at the granary, as in former years. However, it is to be hoped that the coloured people in Canada will be on the look out, and demand that these men give a strict account of the ten thousand dollars, for I have attended more than one meeting where money was solicited, and those who gave it were assured by Henson that it should not be wasted. No mention has been made in public of Mr. Scoble being engaged to go to Canada, much less the enormous salary which he is to receive. If it had been, not a single pound could have been raised in England. Yours sincerely, LEANDER

LONDON, *June* 1, 1852.

"We are of the opinion that it (*The Express*) is beset by the specters of both political and pecuniary bankruptcy. If common report speaks truly, it has of late lived upon the douceurs of the Union-Saving Committee and the largesses of a leading Loco-Foco politician."—J. S. PIKE in *The Tribune*.

The Express clips the above from a recent letter in our columns, and give sit a very abusive contradiction, closing with

"*The Tribune* makes itself a fit organ for such a wholesale purveyor of slander when it allows a Press with whom it holds daily business relations to be thus assailed by one of its correspondents."

Reply.—We are unaware that there is anything in the "business relations" of this paper with any other that should constrain us to withhold the truth, especially when stated in self-vindication by one so foully abused and defamed as 'J. S. P.' has been by *The Express*. Premising this, we will briefly state why we believed J. S. P.'s allusion above to "common report" was fully warranted.

In 1848, James Brooks and Geo. Law were rival candidates for Congress, and large sums were notoriously spent by Law for the defeat of Brooks—ineffectually. The next time, (1850) James Brooks was again a candidate, and now he had the warm support of his late competitor, George Law; and it was *very* currently reported in our City that Mr. Law spent large sums of money to secure Brooks's re-nomination and re-election. Law never pretended to be a Whig, and has not been supposed the man to squander two or three thousand dollars on the indulgence of a mere sentiment. If Mr. Law *did not* spend money lavishly to return Mr. Brooks to Congress, and if his impulse in so doing was *not* a prudent regard for his own interest as likely to be affected by Congress, then "common" report has done these gentlemen gross wrong.

Now as to the other point: We have certainly understood that, in the fall of 1850 or following winter, a subscription paper was circulated among the mercantile houses of our City who put faith in the "Union Safety Committee" and in Union-saving generally, asking forty-dollar subscriptions to *The Express*, in order to sustain it in its devotion to Union-saving by slave-catching. We heard Mr. Marshall O. Roberts named as an active circulator of this subscription paper, and we have heard that the number of $40 subscriptions so obtained was near if not over two hundred—making the snug aggregate sum of $8,000.

Of course we have no positive knowledge that Mr. Law spent $5,000 or so to return Mr. Brooks to Congress—how could we have, supposing such to be a fact? Nor do we absolutely *know* that a long list of $40 subscriptions were obtained for *The Express* in payment for its devotion to the Union-saving cause, though we have no doubt of it.

We have thus given *The Express* our reasons for believing the allusions to it of 'J. S. P.' in replying to severe attacks on his character and veracity, not unwarranted. We shall be happy to consider whatever it has to say further on the subject.

☞ By a curious omission in the statute of Alabama, relating to marriages, it appears that marriages between whites and blacks are lawful in that State. Licences are directed to be issued to authorize marriages "between any free person in the State"—not any free "white" person. The question was only raised last season, in Montgomery Co., where a free negro man applied for a license to marry a white girl, and the officer, after taking counsel, was obliged to issue it. The penalties for refusal are very severe.

Domestic Correspondence.

FROM OUR BOSTON CORRESPONDENT.

NO. CV.

THE ARGUMENT.—*The Correspondent on Presidential Elections—Philosophy of Touchstone and his own—He praiseth the Democrats—He maketh a suggestion to the Whigs—His impartiality—He goeth for Principles not Men—And stateth his own views of qualifications—Also of small generals and of their natural affinities—His opinions of Whig candidates—His advice to Massachusetts Free Soilers—State Street Whigs — Their Creed — Their Scripture — Their Fullness of Faith—They neglect not the Means of Grace—The Protracted Meeting—The godly ministers—Rev. Hubbard Winslow and Civil Liberty—Rev. Matthew H. Smith and Horace Mann—The Correspondent mourneth over the absence of Rev. C. W. Denison—The special means of grace—Trial of Mr. Wright—Judge Curtis' Charge—The disagreement, &c., &c., &c.*

BOSTON, June 14th, 1852.

What should we do in this country without Presidential elections! If it were meat and drink to Touchstone to see a fool, what a feast he would have had could he but have lived about these times. Especially are they delightful to those of us who don't care sixpence who is chosen, but have the most unmingled satisfaction in the beating of anybody. We are always sure of our treat. No salute ever comes amiss to us. Every illumination blazes forth our triumph. We are your only philosophers, who have so schooled ourselves that nothing can come amiss to us. The play has opened uncommonly well. The Democrats behaved to admiration, week before last, under the lead of our Slaveholding friends, in squelching Cass, Buchanan, Douglass, Marcy, and all the rest of the reptiles that had been going on their bellies and eating dirt all the days of their lives for this nomination, and giving it to Frank Pierce, who had n't begun to beg for it. O, it was well done of them!

"I could have hugged the greasy rogues;
They pleased me!"

Is there not a reasonable probability of the same poetical (or political) justice being dealt out, this week, to the Whig expectants? Cannot Baltimore be a Slaughter-house as well to Whig as to Democratic Candidates? Cannot some small general be scared up from some Southern cotton-field or Western prairie, that might go in and win as the Compromise candidate. I recommend this course to the Whigs, in all sincerity.

I am not at all particular as to the man; but I must own that the bent of my inclination is most unequivocally in favour of a Slaveholder. A Slaveholder would run better, and unite the party better, than any of the present claimants, or any Northern man. Indeed, it is my private opinion that slaveholding should always be a qualification for the Presidency. The Constitution should be amended so as to make the ownership of a certain number of slaves an indispensable requisite for the office. All the Presidents we have ever had that did anything historical, good or bad, have been slaveholders. The chances in favour of their having some ideas (after Slavery is taken care of), further from their noses than a yardstick, are as ten to one. Then, as it is notorious on every plantation that a black overseer is ten times worse than a white one, or the master himself, so it has always proved that the Northern overseers of Uncle Sam's plantation have been ten times as bad as its Southern masters. To be the Slaves of Slaves is proverbially bad luck. So I go in for a Slaveholding general, if such an one can be found. His calibre need not be great, and it will be all the better if he has never made a loud report, or much noise of any kind in the world. Only, I am afraid the article can't be found. I apprehend that generals, of all sizes, are Democratic artillery; with the exception of General Scott. I could pursue this topic, were I not afraid of tresspasing on your editorial manor, and possibly being warned off as a poacher. But when I come to publish my book on the Constitution, you will find it traced to its ultimate results, and these positions impregnably established.

My own personal interest in the Nomination of the Whig Convention has' been very much diminished by the Democratic result just celebrated. I regard the next President as virtually chosen, and the battle this week, at Baltimore, to be a mere squabble for the poor compliment of a nomination. To be sure, I had a little rather that anybody should get it than the Massachusetts Judas. But then, if he should, what satisfaction there will be in witnessing the way in which he will be *licked!* Fillmore might carry some States, Scott certainly would carry more; but which is to go for Webster? Probably, not even Massachusetts. For I have not seen a Free Soiler yet that does not declare that he shall vote for Pierce, if the question lies between Webster and him. This they owe to the credit of the State, they having altered last year, the law by which in case the Presidential Electors had not a popular majority, the choice reverted to the Legislature, and made a plurality sufficient for an election. They thus having put the control of the State into the hands of the Whigs, unless they unite with the Democrats for this turn, the disgrace of Webster's having the Massachusetts vote, if he get it, will lie at their door. It's all very well for them to have a candidate of their own; and so they should, if they mean to have any continued existence. But their first duty is to hinder the election of Daniel Webster, in case he should be set up, by all means they esteem honest. Their candidate should be used for this purpose, mainly, in such case. So you see I have good advice for all parties, and happy are they that hear it.

The Whigs in this city are in a fine conglomeration. The Webster Whigs swear (or would, if they were not generally pious) that, if anybody but Webster is nominated, they will go for Pierce! Now, say they, the Scott men will fall in as soon as Webster is put up; but *we* won't if Scott is; therefore the game is all in our hands. To be sure, Boston is not the whole world, nor even the entire United States; though you would astonish the old women who gossip in State Street by intimating such a heresy. They "sit by the fire" of the Suffolk Insurance Office, "and talk of what's done in the Capitol," or what is to be done in the country, and really think that, if they have not the direction of it now, they are going to after the next election. The ocean is said to be immeasurable, the empyrean air to be infinite; but both are finite compared to the illimitable credulity of a State Street Whig. Their Creed consists of two points. "I believe in Daniel Webster;" and "I believe in the *Daily Advertiser*." They certainly have given solid proofs of the sincerity of their devotion to their idol; and there is nothing written in Scripture that they do not accept. They believed Mr. Winthrop was to be chosen last Autumn. They believed that Mr. Webster would be nominated four years ago. They have had full faith in the due succession of Henry Clay, whenever he has been set up. And now they really seem to believe that Mr. Webster can be chosen, if nominated! And they are subscribing good hard money (or the paper that passes for such) to pay the expenses of gallery *claqueurs*, to shout and hoot him into a nomination this week! It is barely possible that the antipathies of Scott and Fillmore may end in such a desperate result. But the people, North and South, are not such fools as State Street takes them for.

The Webster Whigs, however, have not been neglecting the means of grace. They have been holding a Protracted or Four Days' Meeting to promote this great work. And, as was proper, godly ministers were called in to help get up the Revival. Or, at least, holy men on whom ordaining hands have been laid; and, you know, the British Parliament (which being omnipotent, must also be Omniscient) declared in the case of Horne Tooke that "orders are indellible." The Rev. Hubbard Winslow, who secured his immortality fourteen years ago by his definition of Civil Liberty (a liberty to do "what the Voice and Will of the Brotherhood will allow and protect)," and who has now undertaken to bring up the Orthodox daughters of New England in the way they should go, was one of these spiritual guides; and the Rev. Matthew Hale Smith, whom Horace Mann ground to an impalpable powder some years since for some slight "*Mahans*" (as we now call them), and who has since contributed his respectability to the Suffolk Bar, illustrated by the Hon. B. F. Hallet, Seth J. Thomas, George T. Curtis, Esquires, and other luminaries, was the other. Where the Rev. Charles W. Denison, that "watery star" that shot from the Anti-Slavery sphere, and carried his tears and other sweet influences to the Whig firmament, where he was, is more than an outside heretic like me can tell. The meetings were not held in a very large place, and were not addressed by any of the eminent saints of the Whig Zion; but we cannot but hope that they will be overruled for the growth of that Church in Grace. They certainly will, if *disappointment* be one of the saving influences.

Another special means of grace resorted to last week was the bringing forward of the trial of Mr. Elizur Wright, for the Shadrach Rescue. Beyond all question, the trial was timed with an eye to Baltimore and the middle of the next week. If Boston could enter the Convention with a verdict of guilty against a slave-rescuer, her claim to a potential voice would be indisputable. Mr. Wright chose to defend himself, which was not according to the plan of the campaign. An unprofessional man defending himself, is entitled to regard the Judge as his counsel. Mr. Wright choosing to be his own counsel, was treated during the trial with very sufficient courtesy and consideration by Judge Curtis. But the Charge was of the most crushing character. Judge Curtis has not his superior in the country, if in the world, for clear and convincing arrangement of facts and arguments. I do not mean to bring myself within the Statute of *Scandalum Magnatum*, by intimating that he was not perfectly upright in his purpose; but if his purpose had been to procure a conviction in a Government case, he could not have done better. And he came very near succeeding. There was but one dissentient from a conviction. But it was enough to rob Massachusetts of this supererogatory claim to the first place in the Paradise at Baltimore.

D. Y.

Communications.

A WORD TO ABOLITIONISTS.

We have been wiser than others; let us now be wiser than ourselves. It is well to grow in wisdom. We counsel those around us to improve on the past; let us do so. We call upon men to reform wherein they are wrong; let us reform wherein we are. If possible, let us adopt a "more excellent way" than even that which we have been pursuing. Listen if there be not such a way.

From the commencement of our enterprise, we have denounced slave-owners. In this, we have been in an error. Yes, we have been wrong from the very first; and our cause has, therefore, suffered from the first. We have not made the progress we should have done had we taken a different course. And so now, for the sake of the cause, we must turn about and adopt a new principle of action. This is bold language, but let us see.

We ought not to denounce slave-owners; we ought never to denounce them; because it is our duty to denounce their crimes. O, these crimes—the crimes of the slave-claimants of the South-land! They reach to Heaven! They mock language! They are horribly cruel as perpetrated against man, and infinitely blasphemous as committed against God! They ought to be denounced, and hated. They cannot be hated enough, nor be denounced with sufficient severity. They are literally unendurable, and all ought to unite to drive them out of the universe! But how?

Hitherto, we have supposed the proper way to be to denounce their authors. But we have been mistaken. That course can tend only to perpetuate, not to destroy, the evil actions we desire them to discontinue. When we denounce a man, we anger him, and drive him from us, so that he is rendered more unwilling than before to do as we wish him. Our harsh words and unkind epithets magnetize his combativeness, and he resists. It has been so in the case of the slave-owners ever since we commenced with them. True, it was certain that many of them would resist and be angry, even if we merely told the truth about their actions, no matter how kindly we might tell it; but this ought only to have made us the more careful not to add to that certainty, by manifesting an unloving spirit toward them. If the mild words of Dr. Channing, even, were sufficient to provoke the opposition of such of the slave-owners as might be likely to read them, how much more must it have been a necessity that the bitter invective and terrible sarcasm hurled by others of the Abolitionists should have fanned the whole South into one mighty flame of wrathful and malignant passion? And the interests at stake were too great to risk—to insure, rather—a result so deplorable as this! It was not right thus to jeopard the liberation of two and a half millions of slaves! It was a fatal error to protract the bondage of such a multitude of human beings by the very efforts made to bring that bondage to an end! It was a most unfortunate result that the glorious and self-sacrificing friends of immediate emancipation should themselves, through a praiseworthy but mistaken zeal, be made to occupy the position of enemies to a cause they hold so dear. Alas, that all these things should have been so; but, indeed, they were so. No, no, I repeat it, we have been wrong from the very first.

I know that we have all along had much to produce this state of things in our minds—to give rise to this spirit of bitterness and denunciation. I do not refer to the treatment which we have unjustly received at the hands of our assailants, for this, though we have never merited, we have often caused. But we have had sins to deal with—terrible sins—crimes that well might convulse a world, as they have, indeed, convulsed our hearts to their inmost centres. Well, grant that we have heinous sins to deal with—crimes that overtop the heavens—what then? Shall we, therefore, deal our blows at those guilty of them? Shall we denounce the criminals? No mistake can be greater. Every body makes it; it is perfectly natural; yet, no mistake can be greater. Anti-Slavery men have always made it; it has been the foundation of almost all they have done—nearly the entire system of measures by which, from the first, they have carried on their enterprise has been determined by it; and yet, again, no mistake was ever greater! Abolitionists! A humble brother in the same holy cause in which you are engaged appeals to you to pause, and hear, and think, and for yourselves carefully decide, whether the assertion he makes be not the truth. Behold if we have not been all in error, and if we ought not now ourselves to reform, and shape our course, in the prosecution of our work, by new principles! Behold if we ought not to cease denouncing men, even those whose hands are red with the blood of the slave; and if, therefore, we ought not to change the whole character of our movement! In one word, behold if the Anti-Slavery enterprise ought not, and, to succeed, must not, undergo a radical revolution! You may not think so now, but some day you must, and will.

I state the issue plainly, for I wish to be distinctly understood. I undertake to say that slave-owners, past finding out as is the guilt of their enormities, are never to be denounced, but only their crimes. Against these last, we are to wage exterminating war. These we are to denounce, severely, unsparingly, day and night, with all our heart and soul. Why? Because they are crimes. But that is the precise reason why we ought not to denounce those who are their authors. If crimes are wicked—if they are so bad that we ought to be against them—if it is our duty to hate them, and to be their most determined enemies—then we ought to be for, in favour of, on the side of, and the warm and earnest friends of, those who commit them; for these crimes are their enemies, and their most deadly ones too, and so we ought to be their friends, on their side against their enemies, their helpers to spur them to fight, and their rescuing brothers to save them from the evils they are thus hugging to their unconscious bosoms, to destroy their sins, and to blot their crimes from existence! That is, we are to denounce the crime for the express purpose of saving the criminal; we are to rebuke the sin to the very end that we may deliver the sinner from it; we are to be severe on the deed that we may be—O, so gentle, and tender, and kind to the doer! And if this is the motive in denouncing the crime, then we cannot denounce the authors. The thing is impossible. For this is to love him, and bless him, and do him good; and love cannot denounce! Love never denounced a man! Abolitionists never denounced a slave-owner in love! Hear this, ye friends of the slave—we have never denounced the enemies of our cause, and at the same time loved them! To be harsh with a man, is not to love him. To treat him unkindly and ungently, is not to be his brother. To brand him as infernal, a demon, or a fiend, is not to do him good. No, since the day our agitation began, through all the changing years, not one of us has ever denounced a slave owner in love. We may have denounced his acts, boldly, in season and out of season, and with all the terrible severity of truth; yet, so we have done it tenderly and affectionately toward him, that has been in love. All our other denunciation has been wrong—itself a crime.

The fact, then, that we have had great crimes to deal with, in the case of the slave-owners, so far from being a reason why we should have denounced them, has been, all along, just the reason why we should not have done so, but why, on the other hand, we should have been filled with such a spirit toward them as would have made this course of conduct impossible. Yet even if this were not true, all will grant the other inference which it is natural to draw, namely, that we ought to denounce the crimes themselves, in that manner which shall be the most severe and effective. But this inference will bring us to the same result. We far more certainly and powerfully impress a man to cease from his sin when, in characterizing it by terms fitted to convey to him a full idea of its guilt, we make him feel that we yet love him, and seek his good, than when we pursue an opposite course, or even another course. Every way, then, we have been in the wrong. Let us repent of that wrong, and, as a consequence, change the whole character of our movement. We must do so, and the advocates of all other reforms will be compelled to adopt the same principle and do the same thing.

I have spoken of slave-owners. My remarks apply equally to our treatment of slaveholders, the people of the North. These last are commonly called Pro-Slavery—not the right name, for it does not tell the whole truth, for they do really hold every slave in this country! The principle covers the whole ground, slave-owners South, slaveholders North, be these last members of slaveholding churches or slaveholding parties—be they Cotton Merchants, Silver Greys, or Doctors of Divinity—we may denounce, nor one, nor all, but only their crimes!

JOSEPH TREAT.

NEW YORK, June 14th, 1852.

MATERIAL AID FOR AMERICAN FUGITIVES.

From last October to the present time, a train of operations have been systematically put forth in this city for aiding fugitive slaves. Meetings have been held under auspices of the coloured citizens, who, having contributed their mite, would gratefully acknowledge the aid which benevolent friends in Rochester have tendered them as almoners for God's hunted poor.

Many fugitives have been helped to Canada, and the cry is still they come. To respond to these appeals is a heavier burden upon Rochester than other places east, for they *generally* arrive here destitute—the charities bestowed along the route having been merely from hand to mouth; on reaching us, they rely upon a *full quota* for conveyance to Freedom's land. If friends in the several localities would be sure to place fugitives upon the *cheapest route*, and, in *giving*, would have an eye to the entire length, the Vigilance Committee in Rochester will feel more encouraged in well doing.

At a meeting held on Monday evening, May 24th, in Zion church, a committee was appointed to solicit donations from friends here and elsewhere in furtherance of the fugitive slave mission, pledging themselves to a prompt acknowledgement and faithful appropriation.

W. C. NELL, *Secretary*.
T. P. MORRIS,
ISAAC GIBBS,
LLOYD SCOTT,
B. F. BULLARD,
W. MOORE,
HENRY TASKEL,
Committee.

—ROCHESTER, May, 25th 1852.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER TO A FRIEND

[Communicated for the Standard.]

CANASTOTA, June 7th, 1852.

* * * * And now I must yield to the irrepressible impulse of my heart. I must recount the 'great event of the season' to you. I have just come from passing several days at the '*The Grove*,' the home of that Christian, philanthropist and noble man, Gerrit Smith.

In approaching it, a sudden turning of the road reveals the house, half hid by trees; and, with eager delight, you exclaim, 'Ah! there it is.'

"I remember the spot, on whose carpet of green,
'Mid trees that surround it, a mansion was seen,
And Nature that mansion an aspect has lent
So calm, that I call it the *Home of Content*."

In the rear is a charming grove of fine maple trees. There our circle of friends walked, talked and laughed with all the freedom and exhilaration of a genuine Anti-Slavery party.

Gerrit Smith lives in an unostentatious and really beautiful style, as though he did not care to have any room into which he might not invite the most humble human being. Indeed, while under his roof, one does not think of the outward garniture of life, but *feels* in the presence of an enlarged and benignant spirit—"an upward-soaring spirit, bursting the fetters of selfishness and materialism, and opening its eye upon the lights pouring and spreading around from an ever-enlarging spiritual universe—a spirit that no caste, nor colour, nor clime, nor power of silver or gold, can move from its sphere or jostle from the orbit of a genuine and universal love." Its very home is divine Charity. Gerrit Smith is 'The Fool of the Nineteenth Century,' who believes there are no greater commandments than these—"Love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and thy neighbour as thyself." "His creed embraces every degree of reform, from the use of cold water as a beverage and in the bath to the emancipation of three millions of men."

All sorts of queer religionists visit him. While I was there, a gentleman came, who announced himself as 'Wrestling Jacob' (not 'Prevailing Israel'). He said he had "recently been caught up into the third heavens"—"there heard Brother Smith's new name, which is 'The Beloved Disciple.'" Here Mr S. enquired (with a significant glance at me), "Did you see any *Unitarians* there?" "No, Sir," was the brisk reply. Then Mr. S. asked, for the benefit of a Catholic lady who sat by my side, "Did you see any Roman Catholics there?" "*Oh! No, Sir*," was the alarmed and emphatic response. Here was a fair exemplification of the bigotry of half the world. Upon this gentleman declaring that "the new Jerusalem was soon to be set up on earth, and the Saints all gathered in," a young girl present asked what would become of the wicked? "O, Miss, they will all disappear in the gazes," said the gentleman.

Gerrit Smith spoke of William Lloyd Garrison in exalted terms of love and admiration. He said he was a "man of a very pure and sweet spirit"—one of the truest and noblest apostles of our age. Again and again Mr. S. expressed his great joy that I was lecturing with the American Anti-Slavery Society—that he knew of "no body of reformers now accomplishing so great a work for God and humanity—that, for fidelity and sublime adherence to the high and holy principles which underlie the Anti-Slavery enterprise, they,

'Above the rest,
Stand pre-eminent.'"

Of Mrs. A. K. Foster, he said, "Her self-sacrifice and untiring devotion to the cause of the poor slave is sublimely heroic"—"she is a great and good woman."

Gerrit Smith has no reverence for mere aristocracy. He told us the anecdote of Robert Burns. A nobleman, attracted by the fame of Burns' genius, visited him; one day, for recreation's sake, they walked out—met a Scotchman dressed in very coarse and common style. Burns ran to him and embraced him in a most affectionate manner. Afterward, the nobleman reprimanded Burns for his familiarity with such a coarse and vulgar person. Burns' noble answer was, "It was not the hodden grey nor the big boots that I embraced, but the *man inside*; and for real worth of soul, he would outweigh a hundred such as you and me."

One of Mr. Smith's heavenly characteristics is, a very close and tender sympathy with poverty and its sufferings. He seems to possess an intuitive appreciation of the pains and trials of abject poverty, as the hundreds of poor people whom his large-hearted benevolence has relieved can abundantly testify. The poor in his own village seem to regard him as a Catholic does a Patron Saint. Extreme wealth and extreme poverty, Mr. S. believes, are both abnormal conditions, never adapted to a favourable development of character. I think his own case is a striking exception—a rare instance of a rich man entering into the kingdom of heaven. That he is a man of beautiful humanity, his every-day life proves. And the tear that bedewed his eye, as I repeated, at the breakfast table, one of Parker Pillsbury's elevated and impressive passages, revealed the fine sensibilities of the spirit within. In all his judgments, Gerrit Smith has caught the spirit of that sublime rule of criticism given by Coleridge, and to which Washington Allston expressed himself so much indebted, "Not to judge of a work of art by its imperfections."

Sincerely, SALLIE HOLLEY.

Miscellaneous News.

COL. WILLIAM R. KING, just nominated for Vice President, has been in Congress longer than any man now remaining there except HENRY CLAY.

——Messrs. LITTLE, BROWN & Co., of Boston, sold, on the 9th inst., the "Duke of Orleans's copy of Audubon's Birds" for the sum of $800. It was purchased by the Duke before his death, and is now sold by his heirs. It is said to be the most splendid bound copy in the world.

——The *Boston Commonwealth* is to be from this time to November, the organ of the Massachusetts Free Soil party.

——The *Boston Journal* says, that General Pierce is "a lineal descendant of the family of the Percy's, Dukes of Northumberland."

——GENERAL PIERCE IN SOUTH CAROLINA.—The *Charleston Mercury*, and other journals "of that ilk," are out in favour of Pierce. The *Mercury* says:

Gen. Pierce, of New Hampshire, will be recalled, by those who have good memories, as formerly representing his State, with much credit, in the U. S. Senate, where he was very popular, and considered a man of promise. He left the position, we believe, voluntarily. Subsequently he was one of Mr. Polk's generals in the Mexican war, where he did good service, though his exploits were never considered seriously to endanger the reputation of Julius Cæsar and the Duke of Wellington. In politics he belongs to that respectable portion of the democracy of New Hampshire which has never made terms with the Free-Soilers and Abolitionists, and he is, we suppose, in all respects as good a man for the South as any of those whom he has superseded.

Mr. King, the candidate for Vice President, needs no comment. He is a good man, but not good for much.

For the rest, the convention, it appears, has shouldered the Compromise boldly, a load which we wish them joy.

——SPIRITUAL SETTLEMENT—CURIOUS MOVEMENT.—On Friday we met with a gentleman from Western Virginia, making purchases of Dry Goods and Groceries for a store, the connections with which are worth noting.

A colony of sixty persons gathered from Northampton, Mass., Brooklyn and Auburn, New York, all firm believers in what is termed the *Spiritual Philosophy* (announced by A. J. Davis, *et al.*,) have purchased 9,000 acres of land in a splendid location, about forty miles from the head of steamboat navigation, on the *Kanawha*, and fifty miles from Charleston, Va., upon which they have settled. They do not have a community of property, but each man is steward of his own substance—"maintaining Unity of Faith in the Bonds of Peace."

In general they receive all their spiritual and temporal advice from the spirit world, although they do not consider directions from this source infallible, but submit every "communication" to the test of reason. Most of the parties interested in this movement are men of wealth, and all are said to be well educated and refined people. The object stated is spiritual and integral development, which they expect to promote by living in one community.

On the property purchased, are mills, a tavern stand, post-office and store, and it is for the latter that our informant was purchasing supplies. Among the emigrants, is Rev. T. L. Harris, of New York, who is to edit a weekly paper, soon to be established by the Society.—*Cincinnati Gazette*.

——THE *Springfield Republican* correctly says:

The great battle, on the various questions relating to Slavery, conducted under the leadership of John Quincy Adams, involving the Right of Petition, may be said to have commenced in 1836, when the celebrated Report made by Mr. Pinckney, of South Carolina, was introduced, discussed, and adopted. That report declared, that Congress ought not to interfere in any way with Slavery in the District of Columbia, because it would be a violation of the public faith, unwise, impolitic and dangerous to the Union. It further declared, that *all petitions*, memorials, &c., relating *in any way, or to any extent*, to the subject of Slavery, shall, *without being printed or referred*, be laid upon the table, and *no further action be had thereon*.

On the vital questions, embraced in this Report, the Yeas and Nays were repeatedly taken; and the name of *Franklin Pierce* is uniformly found in the affirmative—in favour of sustaining the Report to the fullest extent. And in accordance with this was the entire action of Mr. Pierce in both Houses, while he remained in Congress.

——CHEAP OCEAN POSTAGE.—Senator Sumner submitted the following preamble and resolution to the Senate on the 8th inst. They were laid upon the table for the present, Mr. S. proposing to discuss the subject at some early day:

Whereas, the inland postage on a letter for a distance within three thousand miles is three cents when paid and five cents when unpaid, while the ocean postage on a similar letter is twenty-four cents, being a burdensome tax, amounting often to a prohibition of foreign correspondence; and yet letters can be carried at less cost on sea than on land:

And whereas, by increasing correspondence, and also by bringing into the mails mailable matter, now often clandestinely conveyed, cheap ocean postage would become self-supporting;

And whereas cheap ocean postage would tend to quicken commerce; to promote the intercourse of families and friends separated by the ocean; to multiply the bonds of peace and good-will among men and nations, and thus, while important to every citizen, it would become the active ally, especially of the merchant, the emigrant, and the philanthropist: Therefore—

Be it resolved, That the President of the United States be requested to open negotiations with the European powers, particularly with the governments of Great Britain and France, for the establishment of cheap ocean postage.

——ARREST AND ESCAPE OF FUGITIVES.—Yesterday afternoon Mr. Deputy Sheriff Whitman received a telegraphic dispatch from an officer at Toledo, informing him that three coloured men would arrive here in the steamboat John Owen, from that city, and requesting him to arrest them upon their arrival, without advising him of what crime they were charged. They were accordingly arrested by Officer Whitman, and lodged in the County Jail. Taking it for granted that they were fugitives from *justice* (?) and desirous of ascertaining of them, if possible, in what their guilt consisted, he called them into the Hall, about ten o'clock last night, for the purpose of questioning them as to the offence for which they had been arrested. Observing that the prison door was open, they made a sudden onset upon the jailor, knocked him down and made their escape into the street. The report of their arrest having previously been rumoured over the city, a large number of highly excited coloured people had in the mean time assembled in front of the prison, which rendered all efforts to recapture the fugitives unavailing. They were immediately hurried off to the river, taken into a boat, and by 11 o'clock safely landed in Canada, far beyond the reach of their pursuers.

It turns out that they were "fugitives from service and labour" escaping from their owners in Kentucky. We regret that their escape should have been at the expense of any injury to our friend Whitman, and we are glad to learn that those injuries were only of a trifling nature. We presume that our city will be charged with treason for "levying war" against the Government, and will be declared in a state of siege for permitting the "Compromise" thus to be violated. We may say in her defence, however, that Sheriff Whitman did his whole duty, and that the only "aid and comfort" the fugitives received, if any, was from men of their own colour. —[*Detroit Tribune*, 4th.

——THE *Wilmington Herald* of Saturday states that a small negro, probably not over ten years of age, living in Charleston, being desirous of paying Wilmington a visit, got under the guard of the steamer Gladiator, just aft the wheel, and placing his feet on the spondyle of the boat (a large beam near the water line, designed to keep the craft upright and steady), clasping a brace which stood conveniently near, came over safely. *The Herald* says:

"When discovered, he was endeavouring to reach the depot, and looked bright, although decidedly in a moist condition. His escape from death was almost miraculous, for, from his position, he must have necessarily experienced a succession of immersions in the briny wave. The distance from Charleston to this town is about 170 miles. The night was dark, though not tempestuous. He said when the boat got out to sea he was terribly alarmed, and screamed lustily, but nobody came to his assistance, and he succeeded, by clinging to the brace as high up as he could, in keeping his head out of water.

In being asked whether he slept during the night, he replied that he didn't have time. Having obtained but a partial glimpse of our town, and not being struck with its appearance, he offered no resistance when Col. Miller, the steamer's agent, placed him on board the return boat for Charleston. His was a flying visit, and a bold venture; and if the incidents detailed above by him, with every appearance of sincerity and truth, are not fabrications, it affords an instance of daring and good fortune not often chronicled.

——EDUCATIONAL CONVENTION.—We find the following in *The Rochester Daily Democrat*:

To the Friends of Education of the State of New York:

An examination of the present educational system of the State will show great defects in all its parts, and a little observation will convince us that schools are retrograding in many places, and in others are slowly progressing in spite of the discouragements thrown in their way. Legislative enactments are made sufficiently often to carry the idea of our inability, and they are of such opposite character as to forbid the thought of permanent system. The people are indisposed to countenance changes which seem the result of caprice rather than principle. The inhabitants of a district scarcely become acquainted with the workings of one law before another enactment of an exactly opposite character throws all into confusion once more. The results are neighbourhood quarrels, and the entire ruin of schools in numerous instances, and their permanent injury in others. Among the numerous defects of our present law we will briefly allude to a few:

First: Want of proper supervision.

Second: The inducement now offered to divide districts, when an enlightened policy would indicate an exactly opposite course.

Third: The withdrawal of a portion of the funds hitherto devoted to Libraries.

Fourth: The abolition of the county tax, so that the amount received by the districts is but little greater than that under the old law.

Fifth: The entire withdrawal of the funds appropriated to institutes. The distribution of funds to the Academies is another serious defect, as many inferior schools often receive a larger amount than is granted to those which deservedly enjoy a much higher reputation. The distribution to Colleges is still more capricious, each one receiving funds in proportion to the influence it may command in the Legislature. Thus every department of education languishes for the want of proper recognition of principles in yielding legislative support.

What course can we take to remedy these evils? What measures shall be pursued to make our Common Schools worthy of the confidence and respect of the people? To what means can we resort to make academic and collegiate distribution at once equal and impartial? How shall we infuse a new vitality into our schools? Above all, how shall we arrest their present downward tendency.

The Onondaga Teacher's Institute, at its last session, at which were present three hundred teachers and friends of education, discussed these subjects and appointed a committee to suggest to the friends of education throughout the State the propriety of calling a Convention sometime during the summer, for the purpose of clearly defining the principles upon which our educational system should be founded, and at the same time securing organized and concerted action in reducing those principles to practice.

The undersigned, members of said committee, in furtherance of this object, would most respectfully request the friends of the cause to unite in a call for a Convention in some central locality, and at such time as May be deemed best for the purposes above mentioned. They will pledge their own active co-

Miscellaneous Department.

THE GREAT FESTIVAL.

BY WILLIAM H. FURNESS.

JESUS was once invited, with many other guests, by one of the chief Pharisees to an entertainment given, as it appears, on the Sabbath. The Pharisees, by the way, pious as they were, seem from this circumstance to have had notions of the Sabbath, somewhat different from those that prevail among the religious of the present day. Here was quite a large social gathering on the Sabbath, a dinner party, made by a distinguished Pharisee; and the Pharisees were the pattern saints of that time.

But letting this go, although it is a circumstance well worth noting, let us mark what took place on the occasion.

It is only natural to suppose that most of the guests came to the Pharisee's house with a good deal of curiosity about the extraordinary man who was present and who had created such a great sensation.

There was a great deal of talk at the time, and a great deal of feeling upon one exciting topic. Every body's imagination was inflamed, expectation was intensely excited, in regard to what was called "the kingdom of Heaven," then believed to be coming. We all know pretty well what was then popularly understood by this kingdom which so excited men's minds. It was a renovated condition of things, to be established by the special agency of Heaven. A great prince was to appear, wise, holy, and invincible. He was to break in pieces the Gentile yoke, under which the nation bowed, and exalt the descendants of Abraham to an unprecedented height of prosperity

Such was the vision, which, in the depth of their national humiliation, was floating before the minds of the people; and the excitement it occasioned was not a little increased, first by the startling cry which had come from the wilderness announcing the expected kingdom, and now by the appearance of this wonderful person from Nazareth, who was going all over the country proclaiming the same tidings. So wonderful was he, that people flocked in crowds to see and hear him, some beginning to surmise that he was himself the very leader that was looked for, notwithstanding the obscurity of his origin, the plainness of his garb, and the entire absence of all the visible marks of that high office; and all curious to hear what he had to say about the divine kingdom, whose coming he announced. But he talked of it in a very singular way; nobody understood him. Nearly everything he had to tell, he told in the shape of some simple story, which, even though not understood, was perceived to have a meaning which did not appear at the first hearing. And so curiosity was only the more stimulated.

At the table of the rich Pharisee, one of the company, full of the hope of the great kingdom, and anxious, possibly, to draw Jesus out, uttered an exclamation to the effect that, pleasant as was their feasting then, it would be happier far when the kingdom of Heaven should have come. Then under the glorious reign of the Messiah it would be a happiness indeed! "You think it will be a very happy thing, do you?" was the virtual reply of Jesus, "to feast under the new kingdom. Let me tell you what that kingdom is like. It is like a grand entertainment which a man made and to which he invited numerous guests. And when all was ready, he sent his servents to summon those who were invited. But, so far from considering it a privilege and pleasure, they all unanimously begged to be excused. They were too busy, they pleaded, they had other things to attend to, and could not possibly come. Upon receiving these messages, the giver of the feast became indignant, and told his servants to go out and bring in all the miserable wretches they could pick up in the streets, the poor, the lame and the blind, and compel them to come in; and he declared that not one of those who were invited should taste of his supper."

It is easy to picture to one's self the curious and perplexed looks which the company exchanged as they listened to this story. That the heavenly kingdom should be compared to a great feast—that they could all very readily understand. For the kingdom of Heaven—was it not to abound in sumptuous apparel, and ample mansions, and in everthing that could delight the heart of man? But how those for whom the festival was particularly prepared, for whom the kingdom was to come—how they could decline the great invitation and excuse themselves from accepting it—that they could not understand; it was a perfect enigma.

And yet the solution was close at hand. These very persons who were listening to the men of Nazareth were unconscious witnesses and illustrations of the truth of the story. For them, descendants of Abraham, possessors of the Ancient Law, believers in one God—the feast was specially designed. The advantages they possessed were their qualifications for it. They were the chosen guests. And now the servant of Him who had prepared the supper had come and was waiting their attendance. And so far from receiving the invitation joyfully, they were all excusing themselves, or, what was worse, not so much as understanding it. So occupied were they with their various employments, so devoted to their business, their families and their bargains, that they could not entertain the idea of quitting their comfortable places, their lands, their oxen, and their wives to obey the bidding. They would not hearken to the voice which summoned them to the glorious Festival. And, in accordance with the parable, it was only the poorest and most miserable, and they in a manner compelled by the extremity of their destitution and misery, it was only they, who were admitted to the Supper that was prepared. They entered and partook of the Heaven-appointed feast—while the rich and the honourable, the leading men of the nation, with the great majority who were under the influence, remained without, engrossed with their vain cares, proving oxen, examining lands, marrying and giving in marriage, and not one of them tasted of the great Supper.

And why was it so? Why was it that those who, from their position and culture seemed to be the elect company, the invited guests, the very persons, who would be the first to quit everything and crowd to the Feast, declined and evaded the invitation upon the most miserable pretexts?

The simple truth is they had conceived a false idea of the nature of the coming kingdom, of the great Supper, of which they considered themselves the chosen guests. They were expecting a feast indeed but it was to be a feast for the senses. It was to feed the appetite for pomp. It was to flatter and gratify their national pride and ambition. It was to refine and multiply all the means of animal enjoyment. They looked for splendid robes and gorgeous chariots, and thrones, and a world of wealth and luxury. They fondly expected that the servant, who should come to announce that all was ready and invite their presence, would come emblazoned with the livery of office. With these expectations, how could they so much as recognise the servant of the great Host in the person who was telling them this story? He was a poor, unknown man, from the despised country of Galilee, from the meanest of all places, Nazareth. He was destitute of every external sign of authority; so poor indeed that he had not a roof to cover his head. How could they possibly regard him and his pretensions but with contempt! And what was he inviting them to? To a feast? To a grand Supper! Why, he was of the poorest of the poor himself, and he taught the people not to care about what they should eat and drink and wherewithal they should be clothed. He represented obloquy and persecutions as occasions of great gladness. He told those who were most favourably disposed towards him, that they must make up their minds to suffer privations and a violent death. How could it be but that his invitations must repel them? No wonder they begged to be excused. The wonder is that he found any to listen to him. Even the very poorest, we should have expected, would turn away from him. Some of these did hearken to him, however, and became his fast friends, accepting his invitation to the great Supper that was made ready. But even these, like the poor, the lame and the blind, in the parable, were compelled, driven to listen to him by their extreme destitution, driven to set down at the Feast. They too shared in the universal idea that the promised kingdom was a condition of great wealth and external magnificence. Still, so wretched were they, so greatly needed, so conscious of their need, that they were forced to listen to the man of Nazareth, and there was that in his voice and in his look that fixed their attention and went straight to their hearts. And by and by they found, especially the simple-minded few who attached themselves to him most devotedly, that it was indeed a feast to which he had called them. It is true they were soon involved in distresses great and manifold. They were despised and hated by everybody. They hungered and thirsted, and it was a bold thing for any one to compassionate them so much as to give them a cup of cold water. They were hunted from place to place, made all manner of game of, and they perished miserably. But, notwithstanding all this, they were partaking all the while of a very feast of the angels. They were nourished and exhilerated with imperishable food. Though no man brought them aught to eat, they had food which the world knew not of, and of which it could not rob them. They became aware, miserable as their outward estate was, that it was with them as if they were seated at a great festival, with patriarchs and saints, and the great Master of the feast. They tasted a divine joy. They possessed a peace that eye could not see nor heart imagine, but it was revealed unto them in the spirit; and it is manifested unto us in the immortal words of gladness and triumph which fill those brief writings of theirs that have been handed down to us. The dungeons into which they were thrown echoed with their songs, and they exulted in the sufferings by means of which they became partakers of so great a joy.

And what was it that so fed and refreshed them? What was it that made them willing to relinquish the cherished comforts of life and become objects of public contempt and violence? What was it that repaid them a thousand fold for all their privations? It was no unintelligible enthusiasm, no visionary hope. It was that which every man, if not by the conscious possession of it in some degree, yet by the want of it, knows to be the most substantial satisfaction of which the being of man is capable—the vivid and loving perception of truth at once the grandest and the most simple, the recognition of the supremacy of Right, a conscious love of God and man, so fervent that all concern for what the world could give or inflict was consumed in the divine flame. Amidst all their troubles, though their steps were dogged by insecurity, Alarm and Death, these true men were inwardly partakers of the great Festival of Truth and Humanity. They were no men of education or genius. They had neither money nor rank. They were nothing, nothing good in the eyes of the world, poor, ignorant fanatics, firebrands, turning the world upside down, unsettling all things with their pestilent and impracticable abstractions. They broached no mysterious dogmas. They observed no fantastic rites. They wore no strange costume. They used no peculiar phraseology. But, maintaining those simple principles to which the universal conscience of mankind assents the instant they are declared, and which had never found so full and commanding an expression as in him whom they followed, living by those principles and suffering for them in contempt of the world's practices and laws, they found in the truth for which they were defamed, an abundant over-payment, a triumphant strength, an inexhaustible life.

So abundantly were they strengthened, such delight had they in serving God and their fellow-man, who, as God knows, needed help and still needs it, that it was with them as if they were sharing in a magnificent festival, in company with the sainted servants of Truth of all ages and countries. O yes, in the very midst of all their pains and perils, they entered into a divine kingdom. Their spirits were arrayed in robes of splendour, fitting a royal presence. Their inmost sense was ravished with the seraphic harmonies of Truth and Righteousness They fed upon the bread of Heaven. Their souls mounted within them as in chariots of flame above the savage uproar of blood-thirsty mobs. Thus they partook of the great Supper.

But the rich and wise, who had been so particularly invited by their education and by all those advantages, which, as we should naturally think, must have prepared them to recognise the servant of Truth when he came, and to accept his invitations—they would not listen. They lingered and lived and pass away, walking in a vain show, subsisting or trying to subsist on the decaying and decayed husks of the world's conventionalities, wandering on to the grave amidst graves and the weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth of disappointed hopes and guilty passions, and all the misery that abounds where phantoms are honoured and realities despised. They were in high condition, it may be, as the world goes (but how it goes! with what rapidity, and what wretched wear and tear of life!), but at best their happiness was a thin vapour, gilded by a passing gleam of light. Not one of them entered the true kingdom. Not one of them, with all their wealth and honours, tasted of the great Supper.

And now has their case no parallel at the present day? Has the story of the great Supper no meaning for us, to which, if there be aught in life to interest us, we may well give our instant attention? Or rather, has it not at this very hour a significance as full and as pointed as when it was first told! Are not we, evidently, in our unparalleled position, by the teeming civilization of the age, by our rare civil and religious liberties, by all the means which we possess of attaining to a nobler manner of living nay, are we not by our very nature which apprehends the sacred Law of Justice, which trembles and glories in sympathy with the wronged, which reverses what is true and hates what is false—are we not directly bidden to the great Supper, invited guests to the divine Festival of Truth, of Freedom and of Humanity, where we may sit down in the enjoyment of an immortal pleasure with the august company of those who have lived and died for God's laws and man's deliverance? Are not the servants of the great Master of the Feast abroad, proclaiming that all things are now ready and summoning us to his presence and his table? The Supper, abounding in more than ambrosial sustenance, in that nourishment of which when we once partake we shall never hunger or thirst more, is waiting for us. The invitation is ringing in our ears, not indeed from the lips of the honourable and mighty. It comes not, whence we look for it to come, from men clad in the authority of office, from Senators and Secretaries and Presidents; but it comes, as it came of old, from the unknown, from those whom the many regard with contempt, and for whom they can find no name sufficiently opprobrious, and whose presence is a signal for popular commotion. It speaks in events, in the brute ignorance and violated rights of God-created men, in the dumb agonies or the gasping cry of the poor Fugitive, panting for secure liberty, and fleeing from an accursed, soul-destroying bondage.

As the descendants of Abraham in the time of Jesus were invited by him to the great Feast of Righteousness and Love, prepared by God from the foundation of the world, so is the same invitation given to us at this very day. Hundreds of earnest voices plead with us. Events speak. And with one consent we are trying to make excuse. How many are engrossed with their merchandise. It perils their profits and their custom, even to think of heeding the summons to the Festival of Freedom and Humanity. Others again (and what a multitude!), have wives and children and friends, and they cannot bear the idea of the divisions and the odium they must incur, and therefore they cannot come. And there are others, with whom those frail devices of human wisdom, the Union and the Constitution have become as God, occupying the same place, invested with the same sanctity that was attributed to their Temple by the Jews, who absolved children from their duty to their parents if they would only appropriate to the Temple what their parents might need for their support; thus making vain an eternal law of God. And yet others do, as, no doubt, did multitudes in the days of Christ, they follow the multitude. They ask, as was asked of old, have any of our rulers or doctors learned in the law and in divinity accepted this invitation? They follow the lead of those who, they confess at the same time, are struggling for office and power. Under cover of such high authorities, they would fain satisfy themselves that they have nothing to do with the wrongs of their enslaved and hunted brother but to obey the laws which men make to perpetuate and increase his wrongs, to leave him in his wretchedness and in the respectable company of Priests and Levites pass by on the other side

We may make these excuses as often and as long as we please. But, as God liveth, it is to our own inseparable loss. Be entreated. Ponder the solemn words: "Not one of those men who were bidden shall taste of my Supper." "They may have their own banquetings and jubilees and fill themselves with the food which cometh out of the earth, and feed their souls with all manner of high-sounding and lying words, if they can, but my Supper, the immortal feast of Truth and Liberty, the bread that cometh down from Heaven—they shall not touch." O we are not here on God's earth merely to go fashionably arrayed and to be well housed and fed, and to get the repute of wealth, but for things infinitely better; to be true, to be just, to serve Truth and Right and Humanity. And when we put away from us the simple claims of Justice and persuade ourselves that they are none of our business, we put away from us our own most dear life. We refuse to partake of that eternal blessedness, that great Supper, of which we are, by our very nature, the bidden guests. We lock and bar ourselves out from the good of life.

When once the master of the Feast has risen and shut to the door, and we begin to stand without, crying, Lord, Lord, open unto us, then will he say to us, "I do not know you. Go away, ye enactors and upholders of iniquity! For I was a Slave and ye took no pity on me. I was a fugitive from the house of bondage and ye drove me back." And then shall we say unto him, When saw we thee a fugitive or a Slave and did not minister unto thee? And then will he answer: "Inasmuch as ye did it not to the least of these my brothers, ye did it not to me." And there is no law of man, no Union however glorious, no Constitution, though it were ever so wise, that can be pleaded in arrest of the awful judgment of God.

Philadelphia, September, 1851.

—*Liberty Bell, for* 1852.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS AND WRONGS.

THE Woman's Rights Convention, which was held at West Chester (Pa.), on the 2d and 3d inst., adopted the following Address, written and presented by Miss ANN PRESTON, as an exposition of its principles and aims:

The question is repeatedly asked by those who have thought but little upon the subject of woman's position in society, "What does woman want more than she possesses already? Is she not beloved, honoured, guarded, cherished? Wherein are her rights infringed, or her liberties curtailed?"

Glowing pictures have been drawn of the fitness of the present relations of society, and of the beauty of woman's dependence upon the protecting love of man, and frightful visions have been evoked of the confusion and perversion of nature which would occur if the doctrine of the equal rights of man and woman was once admitted.

The idea seems to prevail that movements for the elevation of woman arise not from the legitimate wants of society, but from the vague restlessness of unquiet spirits; not from the serene dictates of wisdom, but from the headlong impulses of fanaticism.

We come not here to argue the question of the relative strength of intellect in man and woman, for the reform which we advocate depends not upon its settlement.

We place not the interests of woman in antagonism with that of her brother's, for

"The woman's cause is man's. They rise or sink
Together; dwarfed or God-like, bond or free."

We maintain not that woman should lose any of that refinement and delicacy of spirit which, as a celestial halo, ever encircles the pure in heart.

We contend not that she shall become noisy and dictatorial and abjure the quiet graces of life.

We desire not that she shall perform less devotedly the holy offices of mother, and daughter, and sister.

We claim not that she, any more than her brother, should engage in any vocation or appear in any situation to which her nature and abilities are not fitted.

But we ask for her, as for man, equality before the law, and freedom to exercise all her powers and faculties under the direction of her own judgment and volition.

When a woman dies leaving behind her a husband and children, no appraisers come into the desolated home to examine into the effects—the father is the guardian of his own offspring—the family relation is not invaded by law. But when a man dies, the case is entirely different; in the hour of the widow's desolation, strangers come into the house to take an inventory of the effects; strangers are appointed to be the guardians of her children, and she, their natural caretaker, thenceforth has no legal direction of their interests; strangers decide upon the propriety of the sale of the property, earned, perhaps, by her own and her husband's mutual efforts, and her interest in the estate is coolly designated as the "widow's encumbrance." In the extremity of her bereavement, there is piled upon her, not only the dread of separation from her children, but that of being sent homeless from the spot where every object has been consecrated by her tenderest affections.

Nor is the practical working of this law better than its theory. All over the country there are widows who have been made doubly desolate by its provisions—widows separated from their children, who, if they had had the disposal of their own and their husband's mutual property, might have retrieved their circumstances, and kept the household band together.

We ask for such change in public sentiment as shall procure the repeal of this oppressive law.

We ask that woman shall have free access to vocations of profit and honour—the means of earning a livelihood and independence for herself. As a general rule, profitable employments are not considered open to women, nor are her business capabilities encouraged and developed by systematic training. Gloomy must be the feelings of the father of a family of young daughters when he is about to bid farewell to the world, if he is leaving them without the means of pecuniary support. Their brothers may go out into society and gain position and competency; but for them there is little choice of employment, and too often they are left with repressed and crippled energies, to pine and chafe under the bitter sense of poverty and dependence.

Their pursuits are to be determined not by their inclination, judgment, and ability, as are those of man, but by the popular estimate of what is proper and becoming. In Turkey, public delicacy is outraged if a woman appears unveiled beyond the walls of the Harem; in America, a sentiment no less arbitrary presumes to chalk out for her the precise boundaries of womanly propriety; and she who ventures to step beyond them must do it at the peril of encountering low sneers, coarse allusions, and withering imputations of a want of feminine delicacy.

Even for the same services woman generally receives less than man. The whole tendency of our customs, habits, and teachings, is to make her dependent—dependent in outward circumstances, dependent in spirit.

As a consequence of her fewer resources, marriage has been made to her the great means of securing position in society: thus it is, that this relation which should ever be a "holy sacrament," the unbiassed and generous election of the free and self-sustained being, too often is degraded into a mean acceptance of a shelter from neglect and poverty.

We ask that woman shall be trained to unfold her whole nature—to exercise all her powers and faculties.

It is said that the domestic circle is the peculiar province of women. That "men are what mothers make them." But how can that woman who does not live for self-culture and self-development, who has herself no exalted objects in life, imbue her children with lofty aspirations, or train her sons to a free and glorious manhood?

She best can fulfil the duties of wife and mother who is fitted for other and varied usefulness.

The being who lives for one relation only, cannot possess the power and scope which are requisite for the highest excellence even in that one. If the whole body is left without exercise, one branch does not shoot out into surpassing luxuriance.

That woman whose habits and mental training enable her to assist and sustain her husband in seasons of difficulty, and whose children rely on her as a wise counsellor, commands a life-long reverence far deeper and dearer than can be secured by transient accomplishments, or the most refined and delicate imbecility.

All women are not wives and mothers, but all have spirits needing development, powers that grow with their exercise.

Those who are best acquainted with the state of society know that there is at this time a vast amount of unhappiness among women for want of free outlets to their powers—that thousands are yearning for fuller development and a wider field of usefulness. The same energies which in man find vent in professions and in the thousand forms of business and study must find an ennobling channel in woman, else they will be frittered away in trifles or turned into instruments to prey upon their possessor.

To follow the empty round of fashion, to retail gossip and scandal, to be an ornament in the parlour or a mere drudge in the kitchen, to live as an appendage to any human being, does not fill up nor satisfy the capacities of a soul awakened to a sense of its true wants, and of the far-reaching and mighty interests which cluster around its existence.

We protest against the tyranny of that public sentiment which assigns any arbitrary sphere to woman.

God has made the happiness and development of his creatures to depend upon the free exercise of their powers and faculties. Freedom is the law of beauty written by His finger upon the human mind, and the only condition upon which it can attain to its full stature, and expand in its natural and beautiful proportions.

It is recognised in reference to man, that his judgment, opportunities and abilities are the only proper measure of his sphere. "The tools" are for "those who can use them." But the same principles are not trusted in their application to woman, lest, forsooth! she should lose her feminine characteristics, and, like the lost pleiad, forsake her native sphere.

It seems to be forgotten that the laws of nature will not be suspended; that the human mind, when released from pressure, like water, must find its own level; that woman cannot, if she would, cast away her nature and instincts; that it is only when we are left free to obey the inward attractions of our being that we fall into our natural place, and move in our God-appointed orbits.

We ask that none shall dare to come in between woman and her maker, and with unhallowed hands attempt to plant their shallow posts and draw their flimsy cords around the Heaven-wide sphere of an immortal spirit.

We maintain that God has not so failed in his adaptations as to give powers to be wasted—talents to be wrapped in a napkin—and that the possession of faculties and capabilities is the warrant of Nature—the command of the All-wise for their culture and exercise.

We believe that the woman who is obeying the conviction of her own soul, and whose ability is commensurate with her employment, is ever in her own true sphere, whether, in her quiet home, she is training her children to nobleness and virtue, or is standing as a Physician by the bed of sickness and sorrow—whether, with Elizabeth Fry, she is preaching the gospel of glad tidings to the sad dwellers in prisons, or, like the Italian, Laura Bassi, is filling a professor's chair, and expounding philosophy to admiring and instructed listeners.

While we demand for woman a more complete physical, intellectual and moral education, as the means of strengthening and beautifying her own nature, and of ennobling the whole race, we also ask for a more elevated standard of excellence and moral purity in *man*; and we maintain that if there is any place of resort, or any employment in society, which necessarily would sully the delicacy of woman's spirit, in that man also must be contaminated and degraded! Woman, indeed, should wear about her, wherever she moves, the protecting investment of innocence and purity, but not less is it requisite that he who is the companion of her life should guard his spirit with the same sacred and beautiful covering.

We believe that woman, as an accountable being, cannot innocently merge her individuality in that of her brother, or accept from him the limitations of her sphere.

In all life's great extremities, she also is thrown upon her inward resources, and stands alone. Man cannot step in between her and "the accusing angel" of her own conscience; alone in the solitude of her spirit, she must wrestle with her own sorrows; none can walk for her "the valley of the shadow of death!" When her brother shall be able to settle for her accountabilities and "give to God a ransom for her soul," then, and not till then, may she rightly commit to him the direction of her powers and activities.

We ask, in fine, for the application of the fundamental principles of Christianity and Republicanism to this, as to all other questions of vital importance; and appealing to all who desire the progression and happiness of the whole race, we ask them, as magnanimous men and true women, to examine this subject in the spirit of a generous and candid investigation.

The Columbine.

BY H. W. LIST.

Up by the rocks where the mosses grow,
Its wild and airy nooks I know,
The rugged rock that were else forlorn,
It loves to cling to and adorn.
Dearer that firm friend stern and strong,
Than the yielding turf where the lowlands throng.
Dearer by far that rude retreat,
With the mosses clustering round its feet,
Than the bordered bed where tender hands
Foster the flowers of far off lands.

Reared by the rude rock, nursed by the rain.
Rocked to rest by the winds wild strain,
So fair and flexile yet fearless and free,
A fetterless child of the mountain, she.
No garden wall may her beauties bind,
She is wooed in turn by every wind.
But to all the rude North wind may say,
She will shake her willful head alway.
If in ire he threaten and rave and roar,
She will only shake her head the more.
Sometimes to evade the wrathful storm,
She will bend to the earth her willowy form,
Feigning a moment relenting mood,
Seemingly sorry and subdued;
Then spring erect with an airy grace,
And shake her head in his very face.

The sweet South wind, with his gentle sway,
And soft insinuating way
And alluring tales of his native clime,
Where the flowerets dread no winter time—
She will graciously hear, but when all is said,
She only hangs her graceful head.
I know not whether this favourite wile
Is to hide a blush or to hide a smile,
But for all the sweet South wind may say.
He wears no favour of hers away.

I cannot say, but it seems to me,
She reserves her sweets for the wandering bee;
Or a rarer rover more brilliant and bold,
Who wears her own colours of scarlet and gold;
And who flitted around her one morning in May
E'er the winds had kissed in their wooing play
The dew from her ruby lips away,
And won her ear and her heart so free,
By the magic might of his minstrelsy.
I know, by his pausing and listening long,
That the flower returned him song for song,
But my coarser sense essayed in vain
To catch that fine aerial strain.
Sometimes when morning flings on high
Her rosy banners o'er all the sky,
O'erflowing valley and plain and height
With an ever new and dear delight,
I have thought I could hear the joyous shout,
Which all those beautiful bells ring out;
But soon as they hear my approaching foot,
The chime has ceased, the flower is mute—
Sometimes when bending with ear inclined,
I have thought I could hear them talk with the wind,
But I cannot catch, though the breezes may,
The beautiful things they softly say.
I am loth to believe it but it may be,
They regard me as their enemy;
Because I invade their wild retreat,
And carry away all the fair and sweet—
The fairest and freshest cull with care,
To make my chamber fresh and fair.

I wish I could make the darlings know
It is only because I love them so—
Tho' I treat them ever so tenderly,
I may seem to them as Death seems to me,
A ruthless monster with evil eye,
Who passes the worn and the weary by,
And snatches away from love's cherishing fold,
To illumine his cavern so lonesome and cold,
The dearest bloom in love's sun unfurled,
Whose eye was the light of a little world,
And whose warmth and glow threw over all
A pleasing and resistless thrall.
O dread Destroyer! tell me not,
That only through thee may Heaven be sought,
For but for thy retinue and thee,
Earth would be Heaven enough for me.

—*The Boston Commonwealth.*

A CINCINNATI correspondent (says the *Evening Post*), perceiving that we have not space to give, in full, Mr. Webster's late speech at Faneuil Hall, and anxious that our readers should not lose the benefit of the original and striking views it presents, sends us the following. It will be seen that it is not merely a condensation of the speech, but in parts a translation of it into the western odiom:

MR. WEBSTER'S SPEECH AT FANEUIL HALL.

Mr. Mayor and Gentlemen—I am much obliged to you for letting me in here. I am sure I have waited a long while. Your invitation to speak here was equally kind and unexpected. I came on here to see after my private affairs. You ask me if I would'nt come to Faneuil Hall and say how-'dy to my fellow-citizens. I accepted your invitation, and here I am (great cheering).

Gentlemen, I am obliged to you. I have spent the greater part of my life in cultivating the regard of my fellow-citizens, whom I see before me. I stand here, not as a public man; but as a private man; and, gentlemen, I am not going to say anything about politics. Gentlemen, the nation is in a critical condition, but I have no new opinions to express—I have no new platform to offer you—I have got no new promises to delude you with. I have told you over and over again what has got to be done, and I am not going to tell you any more. Gentlemen, I am very well known—I am Daniel Webster (great cheering). I stand upon that, gentlemen, and I leave the rest to my country.

Nevertheless, gentlemen, as this is a crisis, I don't mind if I make one more effort in my country's cause. I have saved the Union and am ready to do it again. This is Faneuil Hall, gentlemen, and its open, too, at last (loud cheers)! These are the pictures of our ancestors—the images of our fathers—the men who fought, bled and died for their country. Gentlemen, this is a great country. We can't shut our eyes to it, this is a most almighty great country! I have often said it before, but I repeat it again, gentlemen, this is an all-fired, enlightened, prosperous and happy country. There is no happiness like our happiness, there is no growth like our growth, there is no people that can stand up before the world like the people of the United States, and say, boldly and fearlessly, Hollo, there! Look here! See this free, enlightened, educated and intelligent nation, sitting under its own vine and fig-tree! Who's afraid?

Gentlemen, our people are distinguished from all other people that ever lived, in this—they are all happy (tremendous cheers)! Gentlemen, we are all happy. We grow more and more successful and renowned every day.

Gentlemen, we are all Bostonians. We are all proud of the honour, glory and renown of this little peninsula of Boston. Gentlemen, we have made respectable progress in literature. We have written a good many books on law and history, and a good many Englishmen have read our books, in spite of the *Edinbro' Review*. Gentlemen, Sam Rogers and Hen. Hallam have read our books, and Lord Mahon has read our books, and when he undertook to comment upon one of them, our Mr. Sparks gave him Jesse, he did (laughter and cheers)!

Gentlemen, I am a modest man, but I have found myself lately burdened with literary honours. The Madrid *Gazette* has announced officially that I am the author of Webster's Dictionary (laughter). Why, gentlemen, I couldn't write a spelling book! I am no man of letters, but, gentlemen, although I am a modest man, I know how to write letters! I have often been called upon to write letters, and I always fulfil my duty (Applause)!

Gentlemen, the growth of Boston is somewhat remarkable. Where can you find another Boston? Tell me the place, the spot, the city, the country, the world over, that can begin to compare with Boston. Gentlemen, I don't envy any of the patriarchs for their years. They did'nt any of them enjoy half as much as we enjoy. Compared to us, I don't think Methuselah was any great shakes. Many a Boston man has lived more in sixty years, than Methuselah did in nine hundred and sixty.

Gentlemen, let us not forget that Boston is a part of the United States of North America (loud cheers)! And gentlemen, this great Union must be preserved. Who wants to cut off any of it, right or left? We see here to-day, gentlemen, our Methodist brethren from the South. Who is not glad to see them? Gentlemen, I know something about Charles Wesley. In the course of my life I have read the life of John Wesley. He was an extraordinary man.

Now, gentlemen, we must not hold too long a talk to the citizens of Boston. I will close by quoting some poetry:

"Ye solid men of Boston, make no long orations,
Ye solid men of Boston, drink no strong potations."

I take that myself, gentlemen, and I have no doubt it will meet with the appropriation of a majority of those present.

I say, then, gentleman, what is betore us? What is to come of all this? What is to be the result? For myself, gentleman, I must say that I cherish high hopes, exalted hopes, that our future prosperity and renown will outshine ten thousand times the brilliancy of the setting sun (enthusiastic cheers and protracted applause)!

A VISIT TO POMPEII.

THE public have had no recent description of Pompeii. The following letter from Mr. Weed, editor of the *Albany Evening Journal*, who is now travelling in Italy, shows the progress which has been made in the excavations, and will be found exceedingly interesting:

NAPLES, Feb 20, 1852.

The day chosen for our visit to the long-buried city of Pompeii proved auspicious. We had the benefit of a bright sun and a balmy atmosphere. To us it was a day of deep, absorbing interest. We lingered for six hours about the now solitary edifices and silent streets, which two thousand years ago teemed with a dense population.

It is twelve miles from Naples to Pompeii. The road runs along the bay shore at the foot of Vesuvius for ten miles, and then turns to the south-east through a valley and near the Sarno river, which is supposed to have been its ancient boundary, though there is now a fertile valley a mile in extent between the city and the river. In going to Pompeii you pass through Portici and Terni del Greco, towns that have been built upon lava foundations, and are sure to be destroyed when Vesuvius discharges itself in this direction; and yet, the inhabitants live on as little concerned as we are with the idea that the world is, at some future period, to be destroyed by fire—an idea, by the way, which finds strong corroborative evidence in the fact that internal fires are rending mountains, and upheaving seas throughout a region of one hundred miles in extent.

The ancient city of Pompeii is plainly indicated by a ridge or mound extending from the base of Vesuvius to its excavated amphitheatre, which is situated at its eastern extremity. Not much, if any more than one-third of the city has been excavated; and most of this was done by the French, though the work has been progressing moderately under the Neapolitan government. The task is herculean, for the city lies buried under volcanic earth from ten to twenty feet deep, as the roofs of the buildings were all crushed, the apartments were of course filled with solid earth.

There are about fifty labourers engaged now in excavations. We were allowed to use the pick, but not to take away any of the spoils, though, like other visitors, we did obtain a few specimens, among which were fragments of stucco and Etruscan ware.—Whenever a sovereign visits Naples, the event is signalized by developing, in his presence, the contents of a house, and these are given by the king to his royal guest. Everything found at Pompeii, has been carefully preserved here in the museum, to which, as well as to Pompeii, strangers have free admission.

The excavations display streets, institutions, dwellings, shops, &c., &c., in a much more perfect condition than I had supposed. These are all satisfactorily identified. There is neither doubt nor obscurity as to the Pantheon, the Tribunal, the Temples of Iris, Bacchus, Jupiter, Hercules; the theatres, the baths, the houses of Diomede, Panza, &c., &c., &c. Not only the walls of these buildings, but their different compartments, with, in some instances, elaborate frescoe paintings, are seen. Entire streets have been excavated and re-numbered. Wine and oil stores were identified by the jars and other vessels in which these liquids were kept, and which are still in use here. In a large bake-house, the ovens of which are perfect, bread, with the name of the baker stamped on each loaf, was found. In Diomede's wine vault, the wine jars are still standing, close to which several skeletons were found, one of which was supposed to be either the wife or daughter, from the rich necklace, bracelet and ear-rings that adorned the person of the sufferer. Near the gate of the city leading to Herculaneum, the skeleton of a soldier, who perished on duty, with his armour on, and his arms by his side, was found. The sentry-box in which this soldier was found was perfect.

The amphitheatre was a noble structure. The seats were of marble. Near the arena are dens or cells in which the wild beasts with which the gladiators contended, were caged. In one of these the skeleton of a lion was found In this amphitheatre it is said that 20,000 spectators could be seated.

The streets were paved with large stones of irregular size and shape, but with a flat surface, in which were cavities evidently caused by the wheels of vehicles. The sidewalks are raised like ours, and handsomely paved with pebbles, and around temples, &c., with mosaic. In front of the Vestals there is a fine mosaic pavement, with the word "Salve" (welcome) on the sill at its entrance. In one of the largest and most elegant houses were marble dining-tables.

The king keeps intelligent guides at Pompeii for the two-fold purpose of showing visitors through the city and protecting its treasures. We were fortunate, in addition to the information given by the guide, in having Mr. Morris, our representative to this government, who knows Pompeii as he knows his own city of Philadelphia, with us. Having wandered for three hours, which took us about two-thirds through the city, we sat down upon the broken wall of the Tribunal, in view of the Pantheon, the Theatre, &c., &c., to our lunch, moistening our bread with Falernian wine, growing over a city, whose inhabitants, eighteen centuries ago, held this beverage as fit for their gods. Having discussed our viands, we resumed and completed our pilgrimage, passing out of the city at a gate which opened upon Appian Way which led to Rome, on either side of which for some distance, were tombs. I wish it were possible to impart to friends even a faint idea of the solemnity and impressiveness of Pompeii. Though walking literally among the tombs, all the aspects of Pompeii are cheerful. The streets are clean, and all around you is a stillness in harmony with the scene and its associations. You look upon smoking Vesuvius, down which the burning lava ran, making for itself channels which still remain.

Having explored Pompeii, we repaired to the museum, where its recovered treasures are deposited; and here again, mingled amazement and admiration, with even increased intensity, are awakened. These Treasures (belonging in part to Herculaneum) fill eight spacious halls, each devoted to classified articles. The room we visited first contains kitchen furniture of every conceivable description, mostly in bronze, and bearing a strong resemblance to articles now in use. In this department of domestic life the Pompeiians were not behind those of our day. An adjoining room is devoted to Estrucan vases of beautiful form. In this room, also, are several magnificent mosaics. Then comes a room devoted to glass in various colours, and for nearly all the purposes for which it is now used. And yet while this knowledge belonged to the buried inhabitants of Pompeii nearly two thousand years ago, its uses and its existence was comparatively unknown in England a thousand years afterwards! Another room is devoted to sacrificial vases and other appendages of heathen worship, among which are vessels for incense, idols, deities, &c., &c.

Then comes a room devoted to weights, measures, scales, lamps, candelabras, &c., &c., among which are steelyards, with the name of Augustus inscribed under figures of Romulus and Remus. These articles show a higher state of civilization in this respect than existed in England during the reign of Elizabeth, and prove that the ages that succeeded were indeed dark ones. Two rooms are devoted to miscellaneous articles, including iron stocks found in front of a prison, agricultural implements, vases, essence-bottles found in the bath-houses, a helmet with bas-relief representing the conflagration of Troy; bells of various descriptions, and those for cattle precisely such as are used now: with flat irons similar to our own; letters for stamping bread, so like type that the art of printing ought not to have been a comparatively modern discovery; mirrors, opera tickets, numbered to correspond with the seats, musical instruments, dice, pins, nails, locks, keys, bits found in the mouth of a skeleton horse; paints, including rouge, &c. In another room is a vast collection of memorials belonging to the amusements, revels, &c., of the Pompeiians. These indicate a very great fondness for festivals, maquerades, and all kindred amusements. Among the divinities to which they sacrificed, it is quite evident that Bacchus and Venus were most popular.

"The Cabinets of Gems" are in a room in which visitors, ladies especially, linger longest. This room is floored with Mosaic taken from Pompeii. There, carefully preserved in glass cases are gold necklaces, bracelets, pins, ear and finger rings, chains, &c., similar to those now worn, together with a great variety of golden ornaments. There are, also, silver cups, plates, spoons, salvers, &c. Here, too, are loaves of bread, honey, grain, soap, oil and wine in flasks, and eggs, unbroken and but slightly discoloured. Here, too, are bits of wearing apparel, of wool and linen, and skeins of sewing silk.

The statuary, arranged in rooms of great magnitude upon the ground floor, presents objects of profound admiration. In looking at these marble and bronze presentments you cannot doubt for a moment that you have the face, head, features, and expression of illustrious persons who sat for them. In many instances these heads indicate clearly the qualities, good or bad, noble or ignoble, for which the originals were distinguished. And in this description of art, Pompeii and Herculaneum were far in advance of an age which supposes itself immeasurably ahead of the ancients. Even the statuary of the palmiest days of Rome fails to surpass that which has been rescued from the ruins of these buried cities. And the extent and variety of these works of art is truly amazing. There was more fine statuary buried in these two small cities than has been produced throughout the world during the last three centuries.

Gleanings from Foreign Publications.

ON Monday evening the Annual Meeting of the BRITISH AND FOREIGN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY was held in Crosby Hall, Mr. G. W. Alexander in the chair. American Slavery was alluded to in very "appropriate" terms by many of the speakers. One of the resolutions attributed much of the continuance of the slave system in America to the consumption of slave-worked sugar, and recommended the exclusion of an article so produced from the shores of a country which had long renounced both Slavery and the Slave Trade. This resolution was moved and seconded by two